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SEPTEMBER, 1948

GERMANY'S SECOND REVOLUTION

By M. J. BONN

I

WHILE the western Allies and Russia are fighting over Berlin, Germany is passing through her second social revolution. The collapse of November 1918, which forced a republic on a country without republicans, was not a social revolution, but the great inflation was. It violently wrenched the social structure of Germany which the constitutional changes of 1918-1919 had barely touched. Inflation, if carried far enough, expropriates as ruthlessly as Bolshevism. It despoils only particular strata, yet it may well be the real world revolution; it upsets capitalist society to such a degree that its equilibrium may have to be re-established by additional confiscatory measures.

Germany's first social revolution ended through currency reform in the last month of 1923, when the old mark was replaced by the rentenmark. Inflation had begun in the war as a result of unbalanced budgets. It had become irretrievable through the invasion of the Ruhr. The Reichs government had organized passive resistance, and finally had had to keep almost the entire local population on the dole. The dollar had been worth 8,000 marks before the invasion; it immediately jumped to 50,000 marks. When the struggle was over, it fetched 1,000,000,000,000 and the price index had risen to 1,261,600,000,000 of its 1913 stand. Note circulation had expanded from twenty-four milliards RM on January 1, 1919, to 496,507,525 trillions at the end of 1923. The issue of Rentenmarks had been limited to 2.4 milliard marks; it was secured by mortgage bonds registered on German agricultural property. Its value was maintained when the budget had been balanced and when commercial credits had been severely restricted by the Reichsbank. The so-called "miracle of the rentenmark" resulted in the exchange of one billion old marks for one rentenmark or reichsmark. It implied a gigantic expropriation: 100 milliards mark war loans and nineteen milliards of Saving Bank deposits were wiped out; so was the value of mortgages, industrial bonds and of annuities payable by public or private insurance institutions. The distribution of the national income was greatly changed. Measured in stable purchasing power, income from investment (including dividends) fell from 8.7 milliard marks (1913) to 1.3 milliards (1925). Owners of tangible property, land or plants, had got rid of their debts and had been greatly enriched. An effort to correct this huge transfer of wealth from one class to another was made later on. The several creditor groups

received between $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. to fifteen per cent. compensation of the nominal value of their former holdings. "They were", in the words of an American scholar, "precisely the group most exposed to the evil consequences of currency depreciation, while they lacked both the knowledge and the opportunity to combat it. Their savings disappeared, their pensions and annuities melted away, and their sons who might have supported them had all too commonly been killed in the war. Hundreds and thousands of educated men and women, too old or feeble or untrained to earn their own living, were abruptly faced with starvation. Many died. The others, passing from day to day without hope, survived only by the sacrifice of treasured books, furniture, jewelry, and all their saleable possessions, and at the end by domestic and foreign charity. Their history is one of the most genuinely pitiful chapters in post-war tragedy."

Yet Germany recovered apparently pretty rapidly. Her physical plants had been repaired in the early stages of inflation and were ready to work at full capacity. The soil had recovered. Business had hoarded six milliard gold marks in foreign currencies, which were being repatriated, and the Reichsbank had salvaged nearly half a milliard gold marks of its reserves. Yet all this would have been insufficient, but for the influx of twenty-four milliards marks foreign loans, almost twice as much as the reparation payments due during this period. They created a "borrowed prosperity".

II

At the end of the 1939-1945 war, the German note circulation was estimated at sixty-five milliards. It was swelled by Allied military notes. The United States had provided Russia with printing presses without limiting their output. She is supposed to have issued twelve milliard marks, which circulated before the reform in Berlin and in the eastern zone, in addition to twenty milliards of German notes. In the western zone, so far 34.5 milliard marks have been handed in; small notes, notes in the possession of German and Allied authorities, and notes which tax defrauding black-marketeers did not dare to divulge, are not included in this figure. Twenty-one milliards owned by banks were cancelled.

The total amount of cash and bank money available in the western zone, has been estimated at between 120—150 milliard marks; a trifling sum when compared to the trillions of the first inflation. Budgets were balanced by very severe taxation, and by disregarding payments like former Reichsloans. The price level had kept fairly steady. At the end of the war the index had risen by thirty per cent. Before the reforms, it had gone up by half. For the Allies had taken over the rigorous price controls of the Nazis and permitted but very few adjustments. As a result of this "price stop" inflation had been "introverted". Money had not only lost its value, it had forfeited its main function: the ability to purchase goods. It bought only rationed goods in conjunction with a coupon, when such goods were available. At least half of all transactions

were carried out by barter and compensations, and a percentage of the remainder by the black market. Farmers naturally refused to sell goods against money which did not buy anything. One could force an owner of a large estate to deliver its products, but not a multitude of small farmers in the western zones. If they could not sell their grain on the black market, they would feed it to their cattle and, if their surplus cattle were requisitioned, they would raise only enough for their own needs. When inflation has gone far enough, cows no longer give milk and hens refuse to lay eggs. Currency reform was long overdue.

III

The Allies had broken up the old Reichsbank as representing "excessive concentration of economic power." They had replaced it by a Central Bank in each of the eleven Länder of the western zones. These eleven Central Banks founded the Bank of the German Länder—a kind of successor to the Reichsbank. The Bank of the German Länder has been entrusted with the right to handle ten milliard new "Deutsche mark" notes. These notes are not signed by the Bank; they are a kind of paper money like the old British Bradburys, covered apart from foreign exchange and commercial paper by State credit.

All old notes were called in and converted at the rate of 1.10; each holder of a food card received immediately a personal quota of forty Deutsche marks and twenty more within the next two months. Employers moreover could ask for sixty marks advance for each employee. By July 3, 3.5 milliard notes had been handed in and 2.6 milliards Deutsche marks had been issued, 1.9 milliards as personal quota and 700 millions as wage advances.

A week later, all bank deposits, both cheque accounts and time deposits were converted at the same rate: 1.10. The deposits of all public bodies, of the railways and the post office were cancelled. In return government and municipal bodies received from their regional central banks a credit equal to a month's revenue. The cancellation of at least 400 milliards debts of the Reich had bankrupted the banks. Their regional central banks granted them credits of fifteen per cent. of their call and $7\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. of their time liabilities. The Bank of the Länder extended to each regional central bank a credit of thirty per cent. of its new liabilities. The banks received, moreover, "compensations claims" bearing three per cent. interest, for which the Länder are liable. These claims can be mortgaged or sold within the banking system.

An individual can immediately dispose of 500 Deutsche marks, the equivalent of 5,000 old mark notes and bank deposits, after sixty D.M. personal quota have been deducted. Business or professional men may receive the equivalent of 10,000 old R.M.—less the personal quota. Of larger accounts half are set free and the other half are blocked for not more than ninety days. By July 3, 109.8 milliards old bank deposits had been registered, nineteen milliards had been cancelled; the total circulation

dealt with by conversion was 163 milliards, thirty-four milliards cash and 128 bank money. 3.1 milliard D.M. bank money had been set free; another nine to ten milliards will follow soon—five milliards of which will be blocked. When credit has begun to flow, a total circulation of fifteen to twenty milliards may be expected; cash circulation may amount to 3.4 milliard marks.

No attempt has been made to protect small depositors by granting them a larger percentage. The cut has been egalitarian, but hardly just. Wages, salaries, rents, contributions, social insurance and annuities remain unchanged. The workers and the very rich are favoured. This may stimulate loafers to go and do a spot of work, but a large proportion of the population, especially among the refugees, are physically disqualified. They have been living on the cash they carried along and their last resource has been destroyed. Farmers are privileged. They pay no house rent and buy little or no food, and can do a lot with 60 D.M.—twenty dollars—which may be all that the small man ever receives.

The reform cuts all debts, including mortgages at the same ratio. The cancellation of the Reich debts benefits taxpayers, at the expense of investors; the cancellation of private debts favours private debtors at the expense of private creditors. The latter are losing ninety per cent. of the ten milliard mortgage bonds, of the thirteen milliards Saving Bank deposits and of the twelve milliards Reich loans which they had invested in before the advent of Hitler, and which had been "good money". All creditors, depositors as well as holders of bonds, may receive another ten per cent. later on—if they are available: the Germans call them "the shadow quota." Yet while the reform has been ruthless it is less unjust than was its predecessor.

IV

Within half a year an equalization law must be passed to tax excess profits and to impose a capital levy on owners of lands, plants and houses, whom the reduction of debts has enriched. It is a pity that the Allies have left this highly controversial matter to the Germans. It implies a struggle between debtors and creditors and the various groups of creditors.

It is fairly easy to base a new mortgage on the eighty to ninety per cent. cancellation profits of rural property; this has not suffered too badly in the war. Urban real estate, however, the mainstay of the German middle-class after the 1914-1918 war, is badly damaged: 2.7 million homes have been destroyed and 1.3 million have been so badly damaged that they are hardly worth repairing. In the larger cities, where losses have gone up to a half, the physical substance, from which a capital levy could be raised, has gone. An owner whose house has been bombed, does not get much unearned increment from a ninety per cent. reduction of his mortgage. War damage to industrial property too has been heavy: twenty to twenty-two milliard marks for the entire country, at least half of which is in the western zone. This estimate may be exaggerated.

or Germans have not yet learnt the propaganda value of under-statement. Because of dismantling and removal of war potential, 4.7 milliard R.M. must be added ; in respect of them the loss to a German concern is greater than the gain of an Allied receiver. The equipment of a steel plant owned by Krupp, in which 110 million R.M. marks had been invested, was valued at ten million marks, and the costs of dismantling amounted to twenty million. War damages and dismantlings reduce the equalization fund and constitute at the same time a claim for compensation.

German refugees from the regions taken over by Poles and Russians are justified in claiming compensation. They left property valued at twenty-four to twenty-six milliard dollars; deportees from Czechoslovakia, Poland and Hungary had to leave another fourteen to seventeen milliard dollars behind them. This figure of forty milliard dollars (100 milliard R.M.) is probably exaggerated ; it works out at over 3,000 dollars a head for twelve million people. But even a fourth of it would be equal to the ten milliard dollar reparation share of the western Allies, which the British wisely refused to fix. The equalization fund, reduced by war destruction and physical reparations, will have to satisfy the claims of persons expropriated by currency reform, reparation creditors, and refugees and deportees, to mention only three main groups. The burden which will have to be imposed on tangible property must be heavy ; it may easily press down hitherto fortunate debtors to the level of expropriated creditors.

Recent developments on the stock exchange indicate these fears very clearly. The shares of well known concerns whose tangible property had not suffered, and whose quotations had not been inflated—as had happened, in the first inflation—have fallen heavily after the reform, in some cases by eighty to ninety per cent.

In the Russian zone the social revolution started long ago. The large estates have been expropriated, generally without compensation—and the land has been cut up in uneconomic small holdings, as an introduction to collective farming later on. Forty-five per cent. of all enterprises have been dismantled and 200 concerns have been nationalized, 126 as Soviet property. By now about 3,000 enterprises are more or less in " public hands ". Very little if any compensation has been paid. The Soviets have used the new eastern mark for doing a little more socialization. Workers were paid seventy marks personal quota, which are not to be deducted later on. Small saving accounts up to R.M.100 were converted at 1: 1, those up to 1,000 at 1: 5 and insurance policies at 1: 3. Governments, government owned concerns, the communist party and the co-operatives get one new mark for one old mark. The capitalists lose ninety per cent.

V

Currency reform, however radical, does not impoverish a nation ; it merely reveals the degree of poverty to which it has sunk. If the body economic is to recover, it cannot be avoided, even though it pauperizes certain groups while others get off fairly easily. Its success may lessen

the havoc of the social revolution which it reveals. This happened in 1924.

The present reform has so far succeeded. Prices in Deutsche marks are "genuine prices". Goods are forthcoming from hoards and from production, especially as the harvest promises to be good. The black market is disappearing. Over a large field price controls have been abolished. A rise of prices—coal and steel for example in response to world market conditions—is no doubt unfortunate; it will however secure higher returns from exports. The purchasing power of the population has been so drastically reduced, that demand for home-made and imported goods must be near the physical minimum. Non-workers will be so badly off that they will seek jobs, unprofitable enterprises will have to shut down and release their man power for more productive uses. Budgets for the time being are being balanced. Credit restriction through high interest rates will force hoarded goods on the market. The low standard of living should make for low-cost production, more exports and fewer imports. In their present day condition the Germans are not frightened by the spectre of deflation; they know that deflation and even mass unemployment is better than starvation.

But the second revolution leaves far deeper imprints on the nation's social structure than its predecessor did. The influx of about ten million people from the lost regions, from Czechoslovakia, Poland and Hungary into "Rump Germany", has raised population density by ten per cent. In the British zone it is 228 to the square kilometer. Few refugees and deportees salvaged anything besides cash. They have been particularly hard hit by the reform. Women preponderate amongst them. In the British zone the excess of women over men has risen from three to nineteen per cent. and the percentage of males between twenty and sixty-five years has declined by 6.5 per cent. While the population of the western zones has increased by seven million, its potential productive labour force has declined. Yet those who cannot work must be fed somehow. The prospective yearly costs of assisting refugees are between 1.4 to 1.7 milliard marks; pessimists fear that a fifth of the population may be permanently on the dole.

A territory reduced by a quarter (thirty million acres or nearly twice the size of Eire) has to feed an additional seven million people. Yet only between twenty-eight and sixty per cent. of the fertilisers normally used were available. The industrial and the transport potential have greatly suffered. The resumption of removals which coincided with the currency reform is bound to hold up production. It is another instance of the psychological blindness of Allied statesmanship, for what matters now is to produce goods, not to distribute them. Willing workers must not be discouraged; the greater the production, the better the chances for those who have just claims to German reparations.

If the Germans cannot repair within reasonable time the main ravages

of the second social revolution, it is hardly worth while to keep Russia out of the western zones. A democratic constitution imposed on uprooted and hopelessly pauperized masses will merely create opportunities for a national communist movement, sponsored by Russia. It will hardly be morally superior to Naziism, and politically not less dangerous.

The devastations of the first social revolution could not have been repaired, not even partially, without larger scale international financial support. To-day, Germany's needs are much larger. She is far more dependent on foreign supplies than Great Britain. This being the case, Allied supervision of key imports could provide all essential controls for preventing the abuse of German plants for re-armament in the distant future. Without a regular inflow of raw materials and the building up, not the tearing down, of Germany's industrial structure, the impetus given by the currency reform will sooner or later be checked. The destruction of the physical-economic potential cannot be indulged in the hope that the money mechanism will rebuild it.

(Dr. Bonn was adviser on reparations and currency to German Governments and the Reichsbank after the 1914-1918 war before becoming a British subject.)

SOUTH AFRICAN TRENDS

By W. R. GORDON

DURING the three months that elapsed between the General Election in South Africa and the first meeting of the new Parliament in August, a number of pronouncements were made by Ministers of the Nationalist Government. These heralded changes—in some cases amounting to upheavals—in the conditions to which the country had grown accustomed under the leadership of General Smuts. Some, of course, were of domestic concern and had little interest to anyone outside the Union, but others foreshadowed the intention of weakening the link that binds South Africa to Great Britain.

Such a tendency came as no surprise to those who lived in South Africa during the war, when the more ardent Nationalists took little pains to conceal their satisfaction when there were set-backs to the Allied forces and when the fall of Tobruk, for instance, was made the occasion for celebrations. There is no record of any member of the Nationalist Party ever expressing admiration for the gallant part played by the South Africans in the capture of Monte Sole or of sorrow for the brave men who lie so silently near Castiglione. For the Nationalists a South African defeat was a victory and a South African victory a defeat.

Such a line of thought may seem strange to those who know nothing of the political make-up of the country and who have heard little of the *Broederbond*, that unobtrusive but powerful body whose constitution calls for the complete 'Afrikanerizing' of South Africa. Sixty out of the ninety-three Nationalist candidates at the Election were members of the *Broederbond*, including the Prime Minister, Dr. D. F. Malan, and more than half the other members of the Cabinet.

A secret circular issued by Professor J. C. van Rooy, of Potchefstroom University, when he was chairman of the *Broederbond*, declared that the main goal for Afrikanerdom was to dominate South Africa. The solution for the country's troubles was the ruling of the Union by the *Broederbond*. Not only are all English-speaking South Africans excluded from membership but any co-operation with the English-speaking section of the United Party (led by General Smuts) is discouraged. Four years ago General Smuts described the *Broederbond* as a "small secret society, or oligarchy which is working itself into a position of power." There is ample evidence that now it plays a very big part in the political as well as the industrial life of the country. Extremely well organized, it has ramifica-

ons which include the *Reddingsdaadbond*, which specializes in the economic sphere, the *Die Federasie van Afrikaans Kultuurverenigings* (commonly known as F.A.K.), which deals with educational and cultural matters, and the Nationalist Party itself as its political mouthpiece.

It is estimated that, through interlocking directorates, the *Reddingsdaadbond* controls thirty organizations ranging from banks to hospitals and represents a membership of some 300,000 people. Trade unions are not favoured by the *Broederbond* and strenuous efforts, backed by considerable sums of money, are being made to put them out of action. The recently revealed secrets of the constitution urge the nationalization of the banking system and a ban on the entry of foreign capital.

There is another body, the *Ossewa-Brandwag*, which has influence and is still trying to play a part in the future of the country. It is a fascist organization and is frankly described by its leader, Dr. J. F. J. van Rensburg, as a national movement, "the herald of an authoritarian republic, national in its approach to social problems and social in its approach to national questions." It aims at the overthrow of both imperialism and capitalism. It is opposed to Communism and claims to be neither anti-British nor anti-German but pro-Afrikaner. In view of the desire of the O.B. to eradicate the party system some astonishment was caused when, early in its career, the Government decided to repeal those sections of the war measures which forbade public servants to belong either to the *Broederbond* or to the O.B.

Soon after the Nationalists, under the leadership of Dr. D. F. Malan, had come into office General Smuts declared that, judged by their first moves, they intended to break down the Union Defence force and return to an anti-war policy. His view was based, mainly, on the transfer of the Deputy Chief of the General Staff, Major-General Evered Poole, to head the South African Mission in Berlin and the announcement by Mr. F. C. Erasmus, Minister of Defence, that he intended to build up a '*platteland*' (or burgher) army and enable farmers to obtain rifles. In declaring that the transfer of General Poole to what is practically a non-military post was "enough to make one's head shrink in shame" General Smuts probably had in mind the brilliant record of a soldier who rose from the rank of a private to lead the Sixth South African Armoured Division through its successful campaign in Italy. So many were the expressions of disapproval over the transfer that Mr. Erasmus thought it necessary to explain that the Military Mission in Berlin was the most important of such posts abroad and that it was necessary to appoint a full-time officer of the permanent force with a wide experience of military affairs to go to Berlin. The explanation, it may be added, did not carry complete conviction among his critics. Neither did the reason for raising a *platteland* army—that it was to combat Communism—even though it was supported by Mr. C. R. Swart, the Minister of Justice, who visualized trouble arising from underground communist activities. General Smuts thought the

explanation was a "spoof for children". Ex-servicemen believe that this force of commandos and farmers' rifle associations will be formed at the expense of the city regiments and that the real intention is to establish a strong *bushveld* force armed with guns, planes and artillery ready to put down by force any opposition to a republic as soon as it is decided to declare one. More point has been given to this theory since Mr. Erasmus declared his intention to discontinue the exchange of military instructors between the Union Defence forces and the British Army.

An even greater storm of dissent broke out when, very shortly after his appointment as Minister of Justice, Mr. Swart ordered the release of Robey Leibrandt and four others who had been convicted of high treason and sabotage during the war years. Many ex-soldiers were among the vast crowds that gathered at open-air meetings at Johannesburg, Pretoria and other places to protest against the freeing of these men. It has not been forgotten that Leibrandt, before his arrest, signed a statement addressed to the "Youth of my Fatherland" promising he would struggle and strive in such a way that they would be able to go to his grave with pride "and in the spirit of the ideal of Adolf Hitler." The Cape Provincial Council, by a majority of five votes, recorded its sense of profound shock and consternation at the releases which the House considered a grave insult to the memory of those South Africans who had given their lives in defence of their country's freedom and independence. The President of the South African League of Ex-Service Women told Mr. Swart that his action had demonstrated beyond doubt that the new Government favoured the Nazi doctrine. So little heed did Mr. Swart pay to these views that he promised to consider representations for reparation from people who had been interned for subversive activities during the war while a colleague of Mr. Swart's, Dr. T. E. Donges, Minister of the Interior, withdrew deportation orders against 254 Germans and ordered an inquiry into the case of others.

It was Dr. Donges who was responsible for an announcement that above all others, caused considerable uneasiness not only among those immigrants who had already arrived in the Union and were expecting their families to join them but also among those who were awaiting passages. He said there would be no further State-aided immigration and that the only exceptions would be made of those people who were vital to the development of the country and were fit to fill positions for which there were no suitable applicants already on hand. This statement, of course, is only in keeping with a policy of the domination of Africa by Afrikanerdom. But, in the generally accepted sense of the phrase, there has never been any State-aided immigration, for the State has not paid passage money. What has been done has been to provide prospective immigrants from Great Britain with all the information they needed, to help in the selection of the type of immigrant wanted and to arrange for accommodation in three specially equipped Union Castle liners.

The terms under which these passages were fixed expire, so far as one of these vessels is concerned, at the end of this month ; another ship will be withdrawn at the end of the year and the third next March. So that, unless new arrangements are made between the Government and the shipping company there will be an automatic cessation of the comparatively free flow of immigrants to the Union from overseas. This does not mean, of course, that newcomers will not be able to make their own plans out, until the Government make quite clear the type of man or woman likely to pass the landing barrier, anyone looking for a new country in which to settle may well find his hope of making a home in South Africa somewhat forlorn.

Yet it is difficult to imagine Dr. Malan approving of any barrier being erected to exclude professional men such as doctors, dentists, architects and lawyers, or artisans such as building operatives, motor car mechanics and engineers, for all these types, so long as they are qualified, are in ready demand. It must be remembered, however, that any slowing down of the advent of fresh arrivals, will naturally mean a corresponding decrease in the demand for houses, motor cars and products of the engineer's handiwork. At present there is a considerable gap between the demand for houses and the supply while, judging from the number of complaints of high charges for inefficient work, there are plenty of jobs for good garage hands.

It is more than likely that if a ban is to be imposed, it will be upon the person who has had no special training and no qualification to justify his coming out independently, without any guarantee of employment and without any home to go to. It is this type of optimist who lacks the necessary backing of any special qualification who has provided the 1820 Memorial Settlers Association with the greatest difficulty in dealing with the 18,000 immigrants who have arrived in South Africa in each of the last few years. It may be that any new regulations governing the fresh arrival will be on the lines of testing his ability before he is permitted to stay. There have been instances of men who have been engaged solely on aircraft in Great Britain securing priority passages by describing themselves as motor mechanics and who have quickly found themselves out of a job. What is needed in this particular field is the man, for instance, who has been apprenticed to the trade and who thus knows a motor car from the front to the rear bumper.

The Ministry of the Interior is preparing for Dr. Donges details of the country's immigration needs. Possibly these compilers will also tell him what other countries are doing ; that Australia, for instance, wants twenty million Australians within the next two generations and that the Australian Prime Minister's recent visit to England had for one of its objects shipping arrangements for the despatch of 70,000 immigrants every year. They might note, too, that nearer home the late Prime Minister of Rhodesia, Sir Godfrey Huggins, says that his country must

either stagnate or widen the entrance door to people from outside its borders. He did not think that it was good to have only two races, as in South Africa and Canada ; it was an asset to have a good mixture.

And, to emphasize this point, there has been the view put forward by Professor C. G. W. Schumann, a leading member of the South African Akademie, who, stressing the need for a much greater rate of immigration so as to increase the ratio of Europeans to non-Europeans in the country, argued that new blood and energy was brought into the country by immigrants with the additional advantage that the cost of education had not been borne by the State. Moreover, a country with a climate like South Africa breeds an inclination to regard tomorrow as the proper day in which to start anything and does not consider eleven Bank Holidays (there was a twelfth last year to celebrate the Royal visit) as unusual. The need for an infusion of energetic newcomers should not be ignored.

This question of labour is bound up with the ever-present native question. What to do with, and the best way to treat, the native is a hardy annual in South Africa. There is a ratio of nearly four to one natives to the European population of the country. The problem is too complex to admit of a ready solution as Mr. J. B. Schoeman, the Minister of Labour (and, incidentally the youngest member of the Cabinet) discovered when he was obliged to modify a statement in which he objected to natives being trained as builders.

He was quickly reminded, notably by his predecessor Major Piet van der Byl, that European artisans could not build the houses required for the white population for many years and they were quite incapable of coping with the requirements of the non-Europeans. And, dealing with the psychological aspect, which, he said, was just as important to the future peace between white and black, Major van der Byl asked if the native was to understand that, although he was to receive some education, under no circumstances would he ever be allowed, even in his own area and serving only native interests, to rise above unskilled employment.

The South African Trades and Labour Council, anxious to clarify their position, sent a deputation to Mr. Schoeman, who told them that he did not propose to permit native trade unions, because of their varying degrees of advancement at the present stage, to have the right to mix with European trade unions or the unfettered right to organize. He thought it unfair to expect natives to have reached that stage of development which it had taken European countries 200 years to attain. At the same time, he recognized that machinery should be set up for natives to enable them to canalize their hopes, aspirations and difficulties.

Later Mr. Justice H. S. Fagan, chairman of the Native Laws Commission which bears his name, dwelt on the important part played by native labour in the running of industries in the Union. Many of these industries could not exist without native labour. At one time the native only worked to satisfy his requirements and had no incentive to rise above the sub-

istence level. But since he had become a part of the country's industrial economy there had been a shifting of the native population and part of it had become an essential factor in the industrial machine. If the new Government can satisfy all the parties interested in native labour and living conditions it will have accomplished something which none of its predecessors has been able to do.

Still further complicating the issue are the hundreds of thousands of Indians in Natal and coloured people at the Cape who have, virtually, no political freedom at all.

Such is the background of a country whose new governors have yet to reveal the status they wish the Union to hold in relation to the British Empire. The out-and-out Nationalist is expected to press for severance of South Africa from the Commonwealth and it may be recalled that, when a London newspaper was told by Dr. Malan that he was not an enemy of Britain, he would not go any further than to say that severance had not been an issue at the General Election. He also had "nothing to say" when he was reminded of his anti-British speeches and his former advocacy of the Union leaving the Commonwealth.

Thus, while the day may only be distant when seventy-four-year-old Dr. Malan, his own inclinations more readily yielding to the strong pressure likely to be exerted upon him by his more extreme followers inside and outside the Cabinet, may try to cut the tie with Great Britain, it is not so likely that South Africa will adopt an isolationist policy. It will be remembered that when the Prime Minister was invited by Mr. Attlee to attend a conference of other Commonwealth Premiers he declined because of the pressing business connected with the formation of a new Cabinet. This was understandable and did not close the door to the acceptance of a similar invitation at a more convenient time. The Government has also decided to send a strong delegation to the United Nations Assembly in Paris which opens on September 25. This in itself does not suggest a preference to stand aloof from the rest of the world, even though UNO may criticize the handling of the natives in S.W. Africa—a point on which most South Africans are very "touchy".

And those supporters of General Smuts who regard the steps already taken and those likely to follow as certain to prove a set-back on the progress of South Africa have the consoling thought that the Nationalist majority is a very small one and that another General Election in the near future may be in time to repair all the damage done. Not only the British element but also all non-Europeans, who were most disturbed at the recent election results, must hope for a return of the United Party to power. Such a reversal of fortune is their only hope of a liberal progressive future in the land of their birth.

(Colonel Gordon has spent the last year studying the South African political scene at first hand.)

THE AMERICAN CONVENTIONS

BY H. G. NICHOLAS

“THE next President of the United States will be nominated in this hall.” Philadelphians are a cautious people, not given to rash prognostications, and this mayoral prophecy, emblazoned for all to see on the approaches to their enormous auditorium was no exception. Attracted by the city’s munificence (\$250,000, it was said, was offered as a bid for their patronage), the two major parties agreed to overlook its notorious summer humidity and its inadequate hotel accommodation, while Mr. Wallace, for his part, trying to launch a nation-wide party on a miniature budget, was very glad to avail himself of a hall already wired for sound, sight and coca-cola. With these contestants *en scène*, even though Mr. Norman Thomas, the hardy perennial of American Socialism, Mr. John Scott of the Greenbackers, Dr. Watson of the Prohibitionists and Dr. John Maxwell of the American Vegetarian Party were raising their banners elsewhere, it is not extravagant to assume that Philadelphia’s boast will be realized.

To the Republicans, of course, to come to Philadelphia was to come back to a citadel whose essential Republican loyalty had never faltered, whose Union League Club might indeed be in need of renovation (immediately on Mr. Dewey’s nomination the decorators moved in) but whose membership roll was storied with names long sacred to the party. Nevertheless to the British visitor, travelling to the City Centre along a subway repulsively reminiscent of a converted sewer, and alighting at a City Hall still rocking from a sensational exposé of municipal corruption, the choice of Philadelphia as an advertisement for the virtues of Republican rule seemed, to say the least of it, audacious.

But then audacity, for those who would either hold—or attend—American political conventions, is always the path of safety. The small boy on the Convention floor whose breast bore the silk placard: “*God help to elect the best man*” had obviously got parted from his worldly twin who could have furnished the superfluous rider that God helps those who help themselves. Certainly Mr. Dewey and his team permeated Philadelphia with the conviction that they were leaving nothing to chance, that they knew where they were going and had the course charted for every inch of the way. Those who have doubts about the so-called “science of politics” should take heart from Mr. Dewey’s success. Mr. Taft relied upon the empiricism of the old-

shioned politician, only to prove once again that what was good enough for Ohio is not good enough for the Union. Mr. Stassen had the tubulance of youth, forgetting that Republican conventions hold always a majority of the middle-aged. Senator Vandenberg was a reminder that statesmanship is not enough: one must also have the will to will. But Mr. Dewey not only arrived at the Convention with his wings tipped by the successes of the Oregon primary; he also brought with him the filing cabinets and the punch cards, to tell him, with the lightning accuracy of an American scholar cross-indexing an eighteenth century memoir, which delegate dined with whom, what was this man's special interest, and that one's Achilles' heel. With this equipment, only one thing more was needed—Pennsylvania. The trusteeship of her seventy-three votes was divided between Senator Martin, on the one hand, "favourite son" not only of the State, but also of Mr. Grundy, that paterfamilias of Philadelphia Republicans, and on the other Governor Duff, whose strength lay in Pittsburgh and with organized labour. The delegates were pledged to vote on the first ballot for Senator Martin but would then, if Governor Duff had his way, go for Vandenberg. The sensation of the convention came on Tuesday when, before the first ballot, Senator Martin withdrew his candidacy and urged his state to cast its vote for Mr. Dewey. The hotel lobbies resounded with the clamour of those who complained, protested, demurred and decried, but the "blitz" was on and from then on it never stopped until by the end of the second ballot Mr. Dewey's nomination was so clearly in the bag that he could even agree to a recess which would allow his troops to shave before the victory parade. Bitter and disappointed critics and rivals complained of deals and brokerage. Mr. Dewey might have appealed to history for his defence—to 1860, for example, when the first successful Republican aspirant won his nomination through the swing, at the decisive moment, of the Pennsylvania column. However, that would have violated one of the most sacred rules of Republican protocol—that the name of Lincoln may not be involved in any contest as sordid as that of "politics". Instead Mr. Dewey contented himself with a plain but emphatic denial.

The Vice-Presidency is traditionally awarded either as a reward for service, or as a solace for a defeated rival, or so as to "strengthen the ticket". For the discharge of his debts Mr. Dewey apparently looks to another currency, for consolation he invites his rivals to share vicariously in the victory of next November; what he cares about most is strengthening the ticket. That undoubtedly was why Mr. Halleck of Indiana, whose record as Republican leader in the House of Representatives has earned him the execration of all the "new guard" of Republicans, was passed over, despite his indubitable services in swinging Indiana into Mr. Dewey's column. (If Mr. Dewey gets to the White House in January he may well find that Mr. Halleck's bitterness has persisted throughout the mellowing autumn of Republican victory). Instead Governor Warren

of California was persuaded to accept—West to buttress East, warm to counter cold, the shaft of sunlight to supplement the evenly diffused fluorescence of success. It was also pointed out that Mr. Warren alone amongst Mr. Dewey's serious rivals had abstained from joining the "stop-Dewey" block, that pathetic earthwork thrown up by Messrs Taft, Stassen and others in the very moment of their defeat.

Not the least remarkable phenomenon of an American Convention is the process by which, the candidature once sealed, the energies hitherto divided amongst the warring contestants combine along the line of force dictated by the victor—a phenomenon for which the term 'bandwagon' represents so wholly inadequate a metaphor. The Republicans leaving Philadelphia perfectly demonstrated the continuing operation of this mechanical principle, by rallying behind Mr. Dewey in a fervour, not indeed of affection for their candidate, but of utter conviction in the invincibility of their ticket. Their conviction has spread to the country at large and there is hardly any dispassionate observer (certainly not your correspondent) who doubts Mr. Dewey's ability to win in November.

By contrast the Democrats took their place a fortnight later, divided and bitter with the foreknowledge of defeat. The rivalries in their ranks signified not the healthy competition of eager aspirants, but the animosity between those who accepted the President's traditional right to a re-nomination and those who, like stage carpenters, busied themselves with constructing a succession of dummy alternatives to him. Pathetic efforts were made to hold together by memories an alliance whose only *raison d'être* had been mutual interest. Portraits of Franklin Roosevelt, a Memorial Service for Franklin Roosevelt (with 'taps' played off key, amidst the flashing of photofloods), a Memorial Breakfast for Franklin Roosevelt, oratorical quotations and evocations of Franklin Roosevelt—this succession of efforts to resurrect Caesar as well as to praise him ignored the patent fact that this was prosperous, full employment '48, not depressed, panic-stricken '32. The strange bedfellows of sixteen years, the Southern Conservatives, the big city bosses and the Lib-Lab New Dealers, could no longer hide their boredom with each other's company and each indulged the illusion that it could dictate a new alliance entirely on its own terms. But for this purpose, to each of them a new leader seemed essential. The Truman *alliance des mediocres* had offended too many people too much of the time. The liberals would not forgive in the Pendergast graduate any of that playing at 'politics' which they had so readily overlooked in the Squire of Hyde Park; the conservatives would not trade further ideological rebuffs for majorities and jobs; the trouble in each case was that Truman could not 'deliver'. If only a magic 'deliverer' could be found! The energetic orator who toured up and down Philadelphia's Broad Street in a jeep with a loudspeaker thought he had found him—but then he had been General Eisenhower's mess sergeant and in an old soldier political day-dreaming is pardonable (as General

Macarthur had recently discovered). But in a body of serious politicians, bidding for the leadership of American liberalism, as were Leon Henderson, James Roosevelt and other stalwarts of "Americans for Democratic Action," the illusion was inexcusable—still less the persistent nourishment of it in the face of repeated denials from General Eisenhower himself. Then to follow this by the equally unrealistic and even more inelegant attempt to "draft" Mr. Justice Douglas was to pile panic on top of self-deception. Only one grotesquerie remained to be exploited—to switch from Justice Douglas of the Supreme Court to Mrs. Helen Gahagan Douglas of California; mercifully Mrs. Douglas's good sense (not to mention her actress's intuition of how much an audience will stand before the eggs start flying) made this the shortest turn of the show and the newspapers announcing her refusal were on the streets almost before the offer was made known.

These somersaults provided the only relief to the general monotony of the opening days of the Democratic gathering. But the liberals were not alone in their panicking. Numbers of Southerners poured into Philadelphia vowing that they would bolt the party rather than endure the nomination of the man who had endorsed the findings of the Civil Rights Commission. The situation irresistibly recalled that of the Democratic Convention at Charleston which immediately preceded the Civil War; then too the Southern "ultras" had come protesting an intended invasion of "states rights" and threatening to bolt if Douglas were nominated or his "popular sovereignty" written into the platform. A contemporary observer had remarked that this prospect was by no means unpleasing to the Northern Democrats; "They could go North and get two votes (electoral) for their nominee, for every Southern vote that would leave the Convention. Their game then was, to have three or four states, at most, go out. They wanted a little eruption, but not a great one." In 1860 these wise calculations had gone astray, and a veritable Vesuvius of Southern protest had overwhelmed the Union. In 1948 the volcano was better handled. The official administration tactic was to treat the South respectfully and to confine the civil rights plank to a few orotund generalities. A handful of audacious Northern liberals, however, led by Major Humphrey of Minneapolis (of whom it is safe to prophesy that more will be heard later) took the fight to the Convention floor and there demanded a more specific pledge on anti-Negro discrimination. Thanks largely to the support of the bosses in cities where the Negro vote may hold the balance, these forcing tactics proved successful and the liberal amendment went through by 651½ votes to 582½. We sat back and waited for the eruption. When it came it was small and astonishingly undramatic. Even Mr. Gromyko would find it hard to stage an impressive walk out down the corridor of a New York subway in the rush hour. *Mutatis mutandis* the Southerners found equivalent obstacles in the way of their demonstration. They had to inject themselves

into the milling mob that seems continuously to clog the aisles of Convention halls and elbow their way to the back of the auditorium. Moreover, when the moment came, only Mississippi and half of Alabama had the heart to do it. The North, more successful than in 1860, had secured its "little eruption". There would be no civil war. Instead there would be many more Democratic votes in marginal states. Cynics might argue that this was merely purchasing seats for Northern liberals at the expense of Southern liberals. But it was also true that it constituted a Democratic commitment which it would be hard ever to retract. It left the South bitter and unhappy, as their nomination of Senator Russell—on the principle of "anyone but Truman"—later evidenced. But when Mr. Truman romped home with an overwhelming majority it was with an expression of disappointment rather than of indignation that Southern delegates sat out the thirty minutes of ritual whoopee. They stayed uneasily in their seats, like new signatories of the pledge nostalgically watching their old playmates setting off on a bender.

Mr. Truman had won, in face of liberal sabotage and Southern grumbling. No one might want him very much, but by Wednesday night it was patently obvious that there was no-one else, not even the Mr. Paul McNutt that a long-winded Florida delegate tried to interest us in. True, our hearts warmed far more at the thought of having dear, deserving, bumbling Alben Barkley for Vice-President and we chafed at Mr. Truman's delay in according him his endorsement. But at the end, to atone for his reticences and his fumbblings and his insufficiency, Mr. Truman appeared, to re-create in the small hours of Thursday morning the most effective—perhaps the only effective—one of his presidential illusions. He became once again the honest little man who was fighting mad at obstruction, indifference and arrogance in high places. At least for that brief moment, and at two-thirty in the morning, we all caught the infection of this crisp little man's complete confidence that November could see him elected, and as we went out of the hall together into the (relatively) cool night air we rejoiced to feel that there was life in the old party yet.

When Mr. Wallace's turn came to rouse the echoes of Convention Hall his organizers, for all their emphasis on the "newness" of their party, saw to it that the traditional rites were not scamped at their hands. The lyric tenors intoning the Lord's Prayer, the sopranos shrilling through "God Bless America," the banners, the buttons, the oratorical cadences—all were in generous supply. But at these points resemblance ceased. The candidacies being sealed in advance, there was, of course, no mobbing of hotel lobbies and suites by those who knew or suspected that the real convention was being held there, and not in the open spaces of the auditorium. For Mr. Wallace's Convention the delegates all duly assembled where they were bid—and, what is more, stuck out each session to its pre-ordained end. And this was the more remarkable

because there was so little that could—or did—happen for which their presence was required. But of course in the temple the attendance of the faithful is the measure not of the necessities of the god-head but of the spiritual hunger of his worshippers. And Mr. Wallace's worshippers were indubitably hungry—some for security, as in the expectant faces of the old who had decided to join Mr. Wallace without deserting Dr. Townsend, some for the assurance of peace—and one saw again the same expression that one had seen in Peace Pledge Union meetings in England in the 'thirties—some for their long-deferred social and civil rights, distinguishable often by the colour of their skin or the contours of features which in becoming American had not ceased to be European or Asiatic, some for adventure and idealism, eager, young and ingenuous, and some for power and the service of the dialectic.

This was a young convention. It held fewer bald heads and more bare backs (which gave it almost the air of an American fiesta) than either of its predecessors. Indeed, at a guess, about one quarter of the attendance must have been below voting age. This endowed its movements with a liveliness and a spontaneity which were both engaging and pathetic. Whereas the cheering, singing, whistling, marching and arm-waving of the Republicans and Democrats had all the synthetic flavour of the antics of middle-aged alumni at a "class reunion" this had the authentic fervour and high spirits of undergraduate celebration. Such, at least, predominated on the floor. The platform presented a different picture. Here were the lean and hungry congressional demagogues, Messrs. Marcantonio and Isaacson, expert as actors in rousing audiences with the maximum of effect and the minimum of effort. Here was Professor Tugwell, the kidnapped liberal, trying to persuade himself and his audience that Mr. Wallace's New Party was the god-child of Mr. Roosevelt's New Deal. Here was the sardonic Mr. Pressman, fired from the C.I.O. as a crypto-communist and now busy, like an impeccable suit-presser, in eliminating the last deviationist crease from the party's programme. Here was Mr. Fitzgerald, President of the Electrical Workers (the only notable union to be represented), wielding the chairman's gavel with the contemptuous imperturbability of a New York cop who has pulled up a motorist for speeding. And, finally—oh, after what pent-up expectation!—here was Mr. Wallace himself.

Fortunately, to understand the Progressive Party, it is not necessary to understand Mr. Wallace. The Party is, like all American parties, an alliance. In the case of the Republican and Democratic parties their alliances often add up to nothing more doctrinally significant than the old distinction between the "Ins" and the "Outs". The Progressives are a party of protest and utopia, of repentance and abundance, the white sheet and the patchwork quilt. They promise something to everybody—and most things to the communists. This does not mean that most of them are communists. It does mean that they don't mind the company

they keep, that they fear war with Russia more than they dislike the totalitarianism of the Kremlin, and lastly that, like every American party, they need an organization. This last is something which indubitably the communists can supply—at a price. It is already apparent to most people other than Mr. Wallace that the bargain was not as good as he thought.

Much useless debate revolves around the question of Mr. Wallace's "sincerity". Certainly when he says: "If I were President there would be no crisis in Berlin," he sincerely believes in both his intentions and his capacity. But when a politician's hold upon objective reality has become as weakened as his, when facts and opinions become as unrecognizably blurred as they do in every speech he makes, "sincerity" itself loses any objective content and becomes merely an interesting psychological condition.

In November the party may score some local successes—at the price, mainly, of liberal Democrats in marginal constituencies. But after that? No one at Philadelphia voiced the question. The communists, however, have their answer ready; in the rules and structure of the party, which are almost entirely of their own devising, they have all that is needed to enable them, as a disciplined minority, to move in and take over. And Mr. Wallace? To predict the course of a messiah is always risky; when his progress reaches the stage at which his only followers are heretics, one may surely plead that it passes the legitimate bounds of speculation.

ARGENTINE AMBITIONS

BY WILLARD PRICE

ARGENTINA now celebrates a "Day of the Race" on October 18, and on that date in 1947 Juan Perón declaimed :

For us, race is something purely spiritual. It constitutes a sum of the imponderables that make us what we are and impel us to be what we should be, through our origin and our destiny. It is that which dissuades us from falling into the imitation of other communities whose natures are foreign to ours. For us, race constitutes our personal seal, indefinable and irrefutable.

Examination of all school children is advocated by him with a view to selecting the fittest. These are to be encouraged to mate immediately after puberty so that they may produce as many children as possible and of the finest breed.

Despite the obvious Nazi inspiration of this plan, and the disrepute that has been brought upon eugenics by Hitler's abuse of it, a scientific better-children programme is one of mankind's greatest needs. But the credit Sr. Perón deserves is diluted by the objective he has in mind, the rearing of a master army. Catholics have opposed the plan, and it has for the present been held in abeyance. But there is another way to build "white supremacy", and an extensive immigration programme has been launched. "Inferior" races are barred; "nordics" are preferred. Rigid physical tests are imposed. The programme begins modestly with a quota of a half million immigrants to be brought in during the first three years. The migration is then to be stepped up until, Sr. Perón hopes, the inflow will equal that of the United States during peak migration years.

It is estimated that Argentina which now has 15,000,000 people could readily support 100,000,000. And how beautifully 100,000,000 could support its President's larger plans in the Western Hemisphere!

The ethnic elements that he expects to weld together into a self-conscious and militantly patriotic Argentine "race" are varied—and yet they have a certain affinity, for they are practically all North European. They regard Buenos Aires as a little Europe, which it is. Third largest city in the Americas, Buenos Aires is the most cosmopolitan. Said an American architect who practises in Buenos Aires :

New York is cosmopolitan in the lower levels, not so much in the upper. Here it goes right through. In the course of a day you may have need for three or four languages. That's not true in the ordinary day of the New York business man—nor of the Londoner. Seven nationalities are represented by the seven members of my staff.

Down the hall from our apartment lived a British naval officer and his family, upstairs was a voluble French couple, in a store below crackled the Italian language, on the next street, Cerrito, four Japanese brothers ran a *bomboneria* where they sold candy and Japanese art objects, there were Greek and Armenian churches not far away, and a large synagogue of orthodox stamp where hatted and shawled Jews listened to the chanting of the rabbi, distinguished by his high black hat, and the reader in derby and white shawl.

But the Jews are not to be a part of Sr. Perón's Argentine race, nor are the Japanese. His followers, copying from the Nazi book, have frequently stoned the synagogues, breaking windows and injuring worshippers. Late one evening on the street ironically called *Libertad* I saw the inscription "Death to the Jews! *Viva Perón!*" being chalked up on a wall while a policeman stood by, grinning. The pavement of Avenida de Mayo was a blackboard for such appeals as: "Kill a Jew and be a patriot." As for the Japanese, there are only some 10,000 of them in Argentine, and they strictly abstain from inter-racial marriage.

Germans will contribute much to the race, both in blood and spirit. Besides some 50,000 Germans who have arrived during the last few years there are a quarter million Argentines of German blood. Perónist collaboration with the Nazis did not end with the defeat of Hitler. If Nazi ideology ever makes a comeback it is quite likely to use Argentine as its stage. But Sr. Perón expects that ideology to work for him, not for a new *Reich*.

Half of the Argentines have some Italian blood. Looking through the death notices in the papers, one observes that about thirty-five out of fifty are Italian names. Our own street was named for a famous Italian of Argentine history, Carlos Pellegrini. Because of this fact, Pellegrini is pronounced as it is spelled, with full value given to the *ls*—whereas if it were a Spanish name the Argentines, who habitually distort the Castilian *lya* sound of double-*l* into a *j* sound, would say "Caje Pejigrini." Calle Lavalle is "Caje Lavaje." Whereas the United States received millions of Italians of Mediterranean ethnic origin, Alpines came to Argentina. These northern Italians, racially different from the Italians of south Italy and Sicily, are bigger, taller, lighter in complexion, and temperamentally more active.

Having dinner in Professor Dawson's home in La Plata we were joined by a young man and his wife. Their fresh-cream complexions and perennose noses made me take them for Irish. But no, they were both Italian, the man from Piedmont, the girl from Udine. Their small boy and girl in gaily coloured *ponchos* were as light in complexion as English children. The Italians make good immigrants because they go out to the farms. The Spaniards are inclined to remain in the cities. But both Italians and Spaniards seem better than their compatriots at home. Here in Argentina as Professor Edward Alsworth Ross has said, "the Latins are blooming

again. Economic opportunity has called into being hope, and hope is the parent of that energy and that fecundity which make a great people."

The Irish dissolve smoothly in the Argentine crucible. A girl reporter from *The Standard* came for a story and when she was done with her questioning I questioned her. "What nationality are you?" "Argentine." "But your ancestors were not Spanish." "No, I have an Irish father, English mother, American stepfather, and Swiss grandmother!" Such is the Argentine melting pot.

Far south, Welshmen by the thousands raise sheep by the million. Farther south, Scotsmen enjoy a climate as raw as that of their own highlands.

Vying with the tremendous influence of the German population is that of the English. More than 100,000 Argentines are partly or wholly English. Great Britain has done more for Argentina than Mother Spain ever did or could do. Britons fathered the great cattle industry. They built the railroads that made the pampas accessible, brought in stock to improve the herds, built the first refrigeration plants, organized shipping lines to carry the meat abroad, became Argentina's best meat customers—and never complained about foot-and-mouth disease. Grains too go to Britain. More of Argentina's exports go to Britain than anywhere else, ordinarily four times the export to the United States. Of course there is a reason besides British good will. Britain, a great island factory without much in the way of farmland and cattle range, can use Argentina's agricultural products, as the agriculturally rich United States cannot.

Britain invested more in Argentina than in any other Latin American country. She grew to look upon Argentina with a paternal eye. She was not afraid of American competition. "You may take Canada away from us, but you will never get Argentina," said John Bull in effect to Uncle Sam. Canada is safe, but Argentina seems now to be in process of being taken away from both John Bull and Uncle Sam. Sr. Perón has bought the British out of the railroad business and eliminated Americans from Argentina's telephone business by the purchase of International Telephone and Telegraph interests for \$95,000,000. "By the end of my term", he declared in 1946, "not an inch of soil, not a breath of air, will be alien-owned." And he has embarked upon a policy of encouraging those Britons who marry Argentine women and become Argentine citizens, and discouraging those who show no inclination to help build the new race.

More than 5,000 American firms are now represented in Argentina according to a report of the U.S. Chamber of Commerce in Argentina. Argentines complain that Americans hold themselves aloof, consider themselves superior, come with a return ticket and count the days until they can get back to "God's country." That is a valid criticism, but it is becoming less true. With shortages at home and abundance in Argentina, fewer Americans are quite so positive as to which is "God's country."

More exporters send representatives down to stay. Business with Latin America is a life work, not something to be transacted between 'planes.

A famous American industrial architect, Lyman Dudley, who has put in permanent roots, says: "I'm for Argentina. Argentina is ahead of the U.S. in some respects in industrial architecture, especially in the use of reinforced concrete. It is very ingeniously and intricately employed for skeletons of buildings where the U.S. would use steel. Here there is little iron and few rolling mills—but they can turn out reinforcing steel. Visiting architects and engineers from the U.S. are astonished at what is accomplished here and in Brazil without the conventional heavy steel skeleton that you see in New York during the construction of a skyscraper. The highest reinforced concrete building in the world was the Kavanaugh Building here until a bank building in Sao Paulo, Brazil, surpassed it—it now holds world honours."

Do Americans marry Latins? They do, and like it. We visited an American professor of astronomy who, although ousted from the University of La Plata by Sr. Perón, thought enough of Argentina to become naturalized. His eldest son has married an Argentine girl of Spanish and Italian descent. His eldest daughter, just returned from the United States where she took a doctorate in botany, will marry an Argentine if he proves more interesting than botany.

Neighbours proved neighbourly in our neighbourhood. One evening we were invited to dinner at the home of Señor and Señora Gutierrez Salinas, a block away, on Cerrito. There we had new evidence of the tying together of the two ends of the hemisphere, to their mutual benefit. The handsome young señora worked as Passenger Service Supervisor at the Pan American airport where she went under her maiden name, Ann Carey. She was thoroughly Argentine, but her progenitors on both sides were Irish. "We want you to meet my sister and her boy," she said when she came to our apartment to invite us. She emphasized the word 'boy'. We speculated idly as to why she should consider it such a privilege for us to meet her sister's child. And how did her sister, who she had already said was unmarried, happen to have a son? We scented scandal. But Ann had merely made a slight mistake in the use of an English idiom. 'Boy' should have been 'boy friend'. He proved to be an expansive thirtyish American by the name of Doyle. He was engaged to Ann's sister, a challenging blonde with decisive ideas and a strong way of putting them. She disagreed frequently with her prospective husband. She was employed in the woman suffrage campaign. (It has this year been won—all Argentine women now have the vote.) "And where will you live when you are married?" "I'd like to live in the States," said the Argentine girl. "It's better to live here," said the American. And if they do as hundreds of other such couples have done, they will stay in Argentina and raise a bi-lingual family.

President Perón's race will be "pure" so far as colour is concerned.

There is no colour problem in Argentina. Blacks were brought in as slaves, but never in large numbers, and they were emancipated a decade before their brothers in the United States. Their descendants seem to have vanished. The sometimes raw climate was not congenial to a race accustomed to tropic warmth. Tuberculosis took a heavy toll. Some Negroes trekked north into tropical Brazil. Whatever the various reasons, the Negro has disappeared. In three months in Buenos Aires we did not see one black face.

If the Negro was allowed to die out, the Indian was hurried to the same conclusion. "The Argentine way with the Indian," says Hubert Herring in *Good Neighbours*, "was also the American way—out-right extermination, or exile to the dry lands where he could starve in peace. The device was worked. While the United States reduced its Indian population by one half in the nineteenth century, Argentina was even more successful: of the estimated 1,000,000 in 1825, some 20,000 to 30,000 pure Indians survive to-day. Argentina is a 'white man's country'."

Argentina is whiter than the United States. With less than one per cent. of the population black as against ten per cent. in the United States, fewer Indians and Orientals in proportion to population, and a smaller ratio of immigration from Mediterranean lands, Argentina ranks with Uruguay, Costa Rica and Canada so far as pigmentation is concerned. Argentina is too white for its own good. Even before President Perón was inclined to make a fetish of whiteness and under his inspiration it now too willingly develops the master race complex that destroyed Germany and will destroy any people that practises it. What Argentine democrats bitterly call Nazi-Perónismo deliberately fosters the notion of Argentine racial superiority.

It is reasonable enough to be proud of the fine qualities that Argentines undoubtedly possess. "The Argentines impress one as a bigger breed than the people of the West Coast," sociologist Edward Alsworth Ross has said. They have greater stature, more massive bodies, bigger faces. "Is it that the bigger Latins have migrated hither? Or have we here the result of a more generous nourishment?" Also it is probably true that Argentina is ethnically advancing while many other nations stand still or decline. The original colonist stock in North America was perhaps as good as anything that came later. But the weakest element in Argentina was the Spanish stock, and it was the immigration from northern Europe, England and northern Italy that made the Argentine of to-day. To a great extent, Argentines of Spanish derivation have stood by and benefited from the achievements of others in building up their country.

For such good luck Argentines should be humbly thankful. Pride will invite a fall—the sort of fall experienced by a haughty Argentine whom Edward Tomlinson heard say at Rio airport during customs inspection: "Look how these black, unclean fingers handle my clothes." The Negro customs inspector gave no sign of having heard. He continued

removing the Argentine's effects from his suitcase and placing them on the counter. Then he checked the suitcase as cleared, and turned away. "Why don't you replace my things in the suitcase?" stormed the Argentine. The Negro replied politely, "Sir, you would not wish these black, unclean hands to soil your clothing twice."

The Argentines are a splendid people but they have not been without a sense of superiority over all other inhabitants of the hemisphere. This foundation of pride makes it easier for Sr. Perón to build his pernicious racialism. His chief tool is the educational system. The schools are in his hands. They are manufacturing Nazi-tinctured militarists who believe in the Argentine super-race and its manifest destiny, hold with their President's maxim: "War is an inevitable social phenomenon," despise democracy as effete and outdated, are trained to regard even American food shipments to Europe as "Yankee imperialism" and British occupation of the Falklands and Antarctic islands as an "intolerable infringement upon Argentine sovereignty."

The older generation is inclined to be democratic. But when these youngsters grow up—there will be no getting along with them. We shall not have long to wait. Many of them have already grown up. Thousands of young men who entered the universities in 1943 at the beginning of Perónism have been or are now being graduated into positions of leadership. Large numbers of them are in the army or government departments, others in law and others are instructors of still another generation of Peróns.

In place of 1,200 professors ousted from Argentine universities, army officers and government hangers-on have been installed. The universities have become little better than government bureaus. Some of the professors are younger and greener than some of the students. A beginner in law who had been graduated only a year from the University of Buenos Aires was appointed to a full professorship in law in the same institution. His credentials were that he had been a vigorous rooster for Sr. Perón. A world-famous historian, Dr. Ricardo Rojas, was replaced by a young man with no degree; but he could claim a distinction that weighed more heavily with the Perónistas. He had been cited in the U.S. Blue Book as a Nazi agent. The army men are most inadequate, their own education having been meagre, narrow and nationalistic. The Argentines, by the way, do not think much of their militarists. They call them "inverted centaurs"—the horse on top.

The noose was tightened on January 1, 1948, when a new law took effect. It gives the president the power to name a Council of Education which will appoint all teachers and lay out the curriculum of every school and university. Thus the authority to determine exactly what may be taught and who shall teach it heads up in the president himself. The Council of Education will do as he pleases, and any member who displeases may expect dismissal.

Another law requires the military training of all males and females of from twelve to fifty. Perónist deputy Benítez calls it the "heroic preparation of our youth" and is not ashamed to cite the example of Hitler's youth "which gave Germany a great advantage over the unprepared Allies."

Over what unprepared Allies do Perónists seek a great advantage? Perón's determination to weld South American nations together into a bloc in opposition to the United States and Great Britain is well known; it has been frankly and frequently avowed by the president himself. Moreover he has stated plainly his readiness to use military means if necessary to accomplish his purpose. Nothing could be clearer than his own words:

If diplomacy cannot obtain the political objectives aimed at, then it must prepare conditions that these may be obtained through force.

Friends of the Argentine people will hope that wiser counsels will prevail in time to avoid the same self-ruin that arrogance and pride of "race" brought upon Germany, Italy and Japan.

AIR WARFARE

BY AIR-MARSHAL DOUGLAS COLYER

DESPITE the experiences of the war of 1914-1918, which, for our purposes, may perhaps be called Air War I, the war of 1939-1945—Air War II—began with the vast majority of opinion, both military and lay, British and foreign, holding the vaguest possible ideas as to the nature, value or correct use of air power. The views held varied from those of the totally ignorant who, on that account, were the more ready to be dogmatic about it, to the narrowly partisan and professionally jealous, who saw in the new arm a possible competitor with the longer established services. Midway between the two were those who, including as they did military thinkers and serious students of war, were anxious to evolve a theory of air warfare based on the lessons of the only examples available and on the theoretical principles emerging from Staff College discussions and the comparatively insignificant volume of literature which the subject had called into being.

Among the latter, opinion ranged from the school of Douhet, an Italian general who saw future warfare as an affair of super-bombers imposing terms of surrender on a stricken enemy in no time at all, to that of the militarists, in the narrow sense of sea and land strategists, who looked on the air arm merely as a handmaid of the traditional forms of warfare, useful for reconnaissance and capable of performing the work of the torpedo or the long-range gun in a rather more extended, though less accurate, manner than the weapons whose place it was attempting to take.

Midway again, between the Douhetists and the ancillarists, were a handful of thinkers, and it is interesting to note that they were to be found mainly among British students of the subject—perhaps because it was in this country that the idea of an independent air arm was first conceived and allowed to grow to fruition—who began to think out the problem of the correct use of air power as a possibly decisive means of imposing one's will upon an enemy.

During the last months of the First Air War, the value of an independent air force had been vaguely grasped and such a force put into tentative action in the form of Trenchard's Independent Air Force for the bombing of Germany. Peace came too soon for its value as a separate force to be proved, but its potentialities were not lost upon those whose business it was to think out the problems of a future war, least of all upon its commander, who became the first post-war Chief of Air Staff. The careful reading of

The R.A.F. War Manual of the years between the wars would be a rewarding study for the student of to-day anxious to trace the evolution of the theory of air war which was put into operation in successive stages of the Second Air War. There is there an appreciation of the basic features of the correct use of air power which does honour to the foresight of the anonymous authors who worked unobtrusively in the back rooms of the War-Whitehall Air Ministry.

Even granted the fact that the potentialities of the air arm were theoretically understood by a portion of the British Air Staff—but by very few other people—when the Second Air War broke out in 1939, the practical application of air power was but dimly seen by anyone. To the Germans, the *Luftwaffe* was an arm whose *raison d'être* was to assist the army to victory in a whirlwind *blitzkrieg*. To those of her opponents whose armed forces and territories were rapidly overrun, the air arm had never been more than an ancillary and was to prove merely a small mouthful to be swallowed in one gulp by the *Luftwaffe* as a step towards the smoothing of the path for the victorious *Wehrmacht*. To ourselves, the independence of the rôle of the air force was recognized, but the long years of neglect had been only very partially atoned for when the test came and the R.A.F. was no more than just able to profit from the enemy's misunderstanding and misuse of his air power and so gain for us the time to develop our air arm in sufficient strength to pave the way to victory.

Looking back on the development of air warfare from the Battle of Britain to the final obliterating attacks of the Japanese war, and leaving out of consideration the two atomic bombs which really altered nothing in the winning of Air War II, one of the most striking facts is the failure of the German leaders to profit by experience to learn the correct use of the air arm. (The Japanese, having failed in their initial attempt at a knockout, could, at the best, hope by the reckless use of their air force to postpone the day of defeat.) Though, indeed, by the time of the Battle of Britain, the Germans were probably too deeply committed to make any significant change in the basic pattern of the *Luftwaffe*, there does not appear to have been any real appreciation of the fundamental unsoundness of the doctrine on which it had been conceived. In Russia, we see it being used again in the rôle of co-operation with the army: thereafter, more and more, it undertook a mere defensive part in a vain attempt to ward off the bomber offensive by our own and the U.S. Air Forces, which ultimately brought about the collapse of Germany herself.

In this country, once the air arm had proved just sufficiently strong to halt the enemy in his attempted knockout, the comparative slenderness of our existing production resources, coupled with a sounder appreciation of the true rôle of the air arm, worked to our advantage in enabling us to build up the kind of air force we needed to do the job, free from the dead weight of ponderous production plans difficult to upset. Thus, throughout the war, we were able to produce successive types of aircraft, each

fitted to make the best use of the armament and equipment which was being simultaneously brought into production, whereas the Germans finished the war with virtually the same types of aircraft with which they began it, improvements being confined to modifications of the same basic designs. It would be quite unjustifiable to pretend to see in the above the result of a Machiavellian policy which, gauging the exact strength needed to parry the initial blow and so win us the time we needed, enabled us to create the requisite weapons at the proper moment. No such policy existed. The plain fact is that we began to arm in the air too late, but just scrambled through our great test thanks to the superior design of our aircraft, superlatively courageous and well-trained airmen and the fundamentally obtuse handling of the problem by the German Air Staff.

Thereafter, for four years, we were able to build up our strength and use our air power as best we knew how, learning as we went, but making many mistakes and being frequently led up blind alleys. Our experience was able to prevent our American Allies from making all our initial mistakes; the solutions of other problems we found together, the hard way. The world-wide nature of the war in which we were involved necessitated a dispersal of air effort—the needs of the armies in North Africa, in Italy and in the Far East, the needs of the Navy for help in protecting the vital convoys, the continuing need of the bomber offensive over the enemy homeland and occupied countries, the needs of defence of our own country, fluctuating as it did with the intensity of the enemy bombing, dying away and then flaring up again with the advent of the V weapons—all complicated the problem. But, in every stage, one fact became more and more clear, that the influence of air power on the conduct of the war would be decisive, that in every operation and in every condition of warfare, the result would be dependent upon the degree to which air power, properly handled, could be brought to bear upon it by one side or the other.

Von Rundstedt's summing up of the failure of the Ardennes offensive: "The root of the whole trouble was air power, air power" could be applied to the whole course and outcome of the war; the tardy recognition of its true significance by our enemies, the clearer understanding of its implications by ourselves and our Allies, coupled at last with overwhelming material resources, brought about a result as inevitable as its meaning is inescapable for those whose work it is to prepare against the danger of a future war.

Two books have appeared during the last few months which are worthy of close study in this connection, one written by one of the deepest students of the nature of air power since its earliest emergence, Mr. J. M. Spaight,* the other by one who played a major part in bringing victory through air power in Air War II, Lord Tedder,† who was General

* *Air Power can Disarm*, by J. M. Spaight. (Air League of the British Empire.) Pitman 10s. 6d.

† *Air Power in War*, by Lord Tedder. (The Lees Knowles Lectures, Cambridge University, 1947.) Hodder and Stoughton, 9s. 6d.

senhower's air commander in North Africa, Deputy Supreme Commander of the invasion of Europe and is now Chief of Air Staff. After following the course of the war in the air in some detail, both writers arrive at the conclusion which has been set out above, that it was air power which won for Britain and her Allies. As Lord Tedder says in the last paragraph of his final lecture: "I am utterly convinced that the outstanding and final lesson of the last war is that air power is the dominant factor in this modern world and that, though the methods of exercising it will change, it will remain the dominant factor so long as power determines the fate of nations."

There will be few, after the experience of the six years from 1939-1945, who will dispute this conclusion. Even a cursory study of the main events of the war will show us how the power which possessed incomparably the greatest air force in the world in 1939, by failure to comprehend its possibilities and exploit them, ended with it pinned immobile upon the ground by Allied air forces which had won mastery of the air space above it, even though until nearly the very end its own productive capacity was never severely strained. It will show us how, during the course of the war, we often concentrated our efforts on the wrong types of objectives and suffered grievous losses in attacks upon targets which returned no dividends. We shall see finally that it was not until we possessed overwhelming air power, adequate for every possible task we could think of giving it to do and free from any risk of serious opposition, that we were able to impose our will upon two enemies battered beneath a hail of bombs such as even the pre-war Douhetists had never thought of in their wildest dreams, because it had never struck them that any people would be able to endure it and survive. Lord Tedder strikes a very necessary note of warning in the first of his Lees Knowles lectures when he says that we have a tendency to draw our lessons too much from the final stages of war. "In the latter stages of a war, after some years of lavish expenditure . . . military problems have a way of becoming relatively easy of solution . . . Surely it is the problems of the early stages of the war which we should study . . . There were no big battalions and blank cheques then. Here is the real and vital test of our defence policies. It is at the outset of war that time is the supreme factor."

This is the precise problem which our planners and our politicians have not to face. It is impossible and unthinkable that we can maintain armaments in time of peace on the scale to which they had to be built up to bring about the defeat of Germany and Japan in 1945. It is a problem which severely tries the capacity of any Committee of Defence to get government and people to face up to even modest military expenditure when no black clouds are actually visible on the horizon, even though the forecast may be "stormy". The most that can be hoped for is enough both to cut a very skimpy coat and the manner in which the cloth is to be used to the best advantage must be the subject of the most careful planning.

Mr. Spaight, in his last chapter sees the way out of the difficulty for individual nations in the creation of an "international fire brigade" in the form of a United Nations security force, whose first echelon will be air contingents ready for instant action against an aggressor. But the Charter of the United Nations is now over three years old and there is still no sign of a "security force in being", nor do events in New York augur well for its creation in the foreseeable future. The powers are thus thrown back on their own resources. How to use our small remnant of cloth to give us the forces to buy the vital time we must have if war comes again? Let us go back to Lord Tedder once more:

We simply must get the whole business of warfare and national defence back on to a sound and economical basis, and we must clear our minds as to what would be our aim in any future war. I believe that, in future, war will inevitably be total and world-wide; but that does not necessarily imply that we should conduct our share of such a war on similar lines to those we followed in World Wars I and II. Personally, I do not see how we could survive winning a third victory like the two previous ones. What shall it profit us if we win the victory and lose our civilization? I am sure we must be far more selective in the allocation of our national effort to military defence. We must pay far more attention to the principle of economy of force—and when I say "economy" I do not mean the false economy got by doing things on the cheap, but the economy which comes from keeping every part of the national war machine properly balanced in relation to the rest of the machine—the economy, moreover, which organizes the armed forces for speed and quick decision. . . . We are shackled by the past, and never has the future been more difficult to divine. What we must do is to discard quite ruthlessly ideas, traditions, and methods which have not stood the test of economy. Each of the fighting services must discard old shibboleths and outworn traditions, go to the scientists and technicians for all they can possibly give in the way of speed, mobility and economy, and then develop the whole time with an eye on the other two members of the team in co-operation, *not* in competition.

One hopes that the example of co-operation and mutual give and take between the Services which was shown by the Chiefs of Staff under the guidance of Mr. Churchill during Air War II has not been forgotten with the coming of peace. Lord Tedder's words give one confidence that they have not and that the problem is being faced in "co-operation, *not* competition". In this confidence we must leave the solution to those whose business it is.

It is, however, impossible to avoid the reflection that the emergence of air power as the dominant factor in warfare has fundamentally changed the nature of war and put into the hands of an aggressor the power to wipe out civilization from whole continents, if he be ruthless and strong enough. In the absence of some universally accepted international union, is it possible for individual nations or associations of nations, even with the greatest "economy" in Lord Tedder's sense of the word to make adequate preparation against the danger of a new war forced on by an irresponsible or conscienceless enemy?

No categorical answer can be given, but it is possible to suggest some steps upon the way. The first is to get into clear perspective the military problem, seeing warfare as a whole and not as an affair of separated

services, recognizing the predominant part that air power will play and ensuring that it is so used that the essential rôles of the sea and the land forces are facilitated by its means, for it remains true as ever that the freedom of the seas is vital to our existence, however that freedom may be guaranteed and it is equally true that the provision of air borne land forces is vital if the imposition of one's will upon an enemy is to be implemented. Only when defence can be regarded as a whole can we hope to be successful in these air-ridden days ; it can no longer be divided into spheres of influence for the navy, army and air force, for since the coming of air power, geography has lost much of its significance.

Secondly, we must turn to the scientists and designers to keep us the equal of any other nation in every branch of military equipment, in aircraft and power-plants, in radar and air armament of all kinds, as well as in the special equipment for the navy and army which the coming of the air age has imposed upon those services. In this field, provided we see that our technical establishments are adequately equipped and staffed, we may rest confident in the skill of our technicians to keep abreast of developments in competition with those of any other nation. Of atomic warfare, this is not the place to speak. The problem is one which depends on many factors, some of which are outside our control. Suffice it to say that we must never find ourselves in the position in which such weapons may be used against us without the possibility of retaliation on our part.

Thirdly, as a corollary of the second point, we must ensure that the *quality* of our services, in material and training, shall be first rate, for it is essential that we possess a spearhead ready for immediate use and, as we saw in the Battle of Britain, quality can on occasion outweigh quantity.

Fourthly, we must ensure that our potential war industries are planned, both in location and layout, so as to be capable of rapid expansion and turnover to warlike production.

And, finally, that in the Commonwealth and among the nations who are bound to us by treaty or agreement, doctrine, armament and planning are as far as possible common to all.

These are some of the lines on which our "economy" planning might be done. The problem is so vital that we must leave nothing undone which lies within our power. We must never be content to rest upon our laurels, either in the material or the moral field, for upon us lies a major responsibility to prevent the crowning folly of Air War III, which could result in nothing less than the twilight of civilization, the prelude to a new dark age.

JUSTICES OF THE PEACE

I

THE Royal Commission on Justices of the Peace appointed in June 1946 published its Report in July of the present year. An interesting document it recalls fragrant memories of an older world, of Horace, of Charles Dickens, of W. S. Gilbert and one memory not quite so fragrant, that of the curate's breakfast egg. Horace tells us that you cannot drive nature out with a pitchfork ; some of the Commissioners disagree with this dictum. But it ill becomes an elderly justice, who may say with his contemporaries "sufferance is the badge of all our tribe," to indulge in flippancy. The Commission's Report constitutes a brave attempt to remove anomalies and improve conditions that notoriously stand in need of improvement.

The Commissioners are of opinion that local advisory committees should be retained but it has done something useful to lift the protective veil of secrecy that surrounds them. In future, it considers, the name and address of the secretary of the committee should be publicly known. The Commissioners feel that members of these committees should seek to find the man or woman best qualified for appointment to the bench and that the proportion of members appointed because of their affiliation with political parties should be restricted, so that room may be found for members and associations not politically minded. This, if one may say so with due respect, is a counsel of perfection. It is unlikely that we can get a body of men and women without political bias unless politics be excluded altogether, and indeed this opinion is expressed strongly in a Memorandum of Dissent signed by Lord Merthyr, Mr. Stapleton Cotton and Mr. John Watson. This memorandum quotes Lord Haldane, who said : "What I want of a magistrate is a God-fearing decent person of just mind and fair outlook who does not care what are the politics or social position of the people before him, but will try to come to a just conclusion." This is the ideal ; it has not been reached and it may be doubted whether the Commissions' Report will bring it much nearer, even though it should give advisory committees a keener sense of what is required of them and thus reduce the pressure exercised by political interests.

An innovation of great significance is the suggestion that justices should

receive instruction in their duties and that every justice be required on appointment to give an undertaking that he will submit to the local scheme of instruction and not adjudicate until he has qualified. The question that at once arises is as to how this qualification is to be assessed. If a magistrate says "I have now learned my job" is he to be examined or is his word to be taken? In other walks of life if people enter for an examination they must satisfy examiners. It is suggested further that magistrates should accept a probationary period in which to sit without adjudicating, but this seems open to objection on several grounds. In the first place an intelligent magistrate, who lacks all legal knowledge, should be able to form a correct opinion on questions of fact. In matters of law he must always rely upon the clerk of the court unless there is a qualified lawyer on the bench; the law is constantly changing and knowledge even of procedure cannot be gleaned in a hurry. How long will a newcomer be content to stay silent when the facts of a case are obvious?

It is proposed by the Commissioners that ministers, publicans and members of the Order of Rechabites should be eligible to serve on the Commission of the Peace. Can any minister of religion administer justice in accordance with his oath and at the same time obey the Sermon on the Mount which bids him not to resist evil and to give up his cloak to the man who has taken away his coat? On the bench he has to defer to the law of the land and in some matters this appears to be opposed to Christian teaching, so that it is hard to resist the thought that the bench has no place for a minister of religion. With regard to publicans and Rechabites, can two men sit together except they be agreed? What will happen when applicants for an extension of licensing hours come before the bench, as they do so often? The publican will be disposed to grant, the Rechabite to refuse. Here again Horace points the moral.

A suggestion is made that the travelling expenses of justices should be met and that this should include lodging allowances where absence from home is unavoidable. This is a very reasonable measure of reform because, apart from attendances at the petty sessional court, the question of quarter sessions has to be considered; some justices live thirty miles and more from a county town and nowadays quarter sessions may last three days or even four. The expense attendant upon these visits is one that cannot be met by all those whose work may be of real value to the court.

The Commissioners have found very sensible things to say about the size of benches and the maximum number of justices required for the trial of prisoners and licensing meetings. It is suggested that the cost of travel to prisons by members of a visiting committee should be defrayed and that all justices should make themselves acquainted with prison administration. Benches should elect their chairmen by secret ballot and this is reasonable enough because though a bench is dominated by a

very old or arbitrary chairman justices may hesitate to vote openly against his retention. The question of referring the ultimate choice to quarter sessions for approval does not seem so sound because quarter sessions cannot be in a position to assess the merits of any man or woman so well as those who are fellow workers.

It goes without saying that the Lord Chancellor has an extremely difficult task in appointing over 1,000 magistrates a year, that a certain number of mistakes inevitably occur and, that the question of the age limit must present further difficulties. While you get men and women who stay on after their capacity to render effective service is passing or has passed, you find on the other hand that the most regular attendants at petty sessional courts are the people who have retired from active work; the younger generation is not constant in its attendance nor quite so ready to accept responsibilities. It might help if every man before his appointment to the bench would satisfy the advisory committee that he is prepared to take his work seriously, that he can and will attend the court with sufficient regularity and will remember that he is appointed to administer the law not to make or mend it. The question of instruction should also be settled before appointment rather than after.

• Truth to tell the reform of our petty sessional courts must needs be a slow process. The difficulties are many but all things considered the present system works well and there will be few who know it to agree with Lord Merthyr that the best way to deal with lay justices is to remove and replace them by stipendiaries. No stipendiary could possibly understand a district so well as a number of men who live in it and meet all sorts and conditions of their fellow citizens. A petty sessional bench can do much to win respect for the law while convincing offenders that those who sit in judgment upon them are kindly disposed and desire to be as helpful as they may. A busy stipendiary is hardly likely to have the time and sympathy required to enable him to replace lay justices.

This Report is in brief a valuable signpost pointing to a goal that remains to be reached.

S. L. BENSUSAN.

II

IN his minority Report of the Royal Commission on Justices of the Peace, Lord Merthyr expresses the opinion that "it is merely a question of time before lay justices disappear." He adds :

It is to me not absolutely clear that our terms of reference include consideration of the question whether the present system of stipendiary magistrates should be extended either to cover the whole country or portions of it much greater than it serves at present. It is however hardly possible to consider the other matters relating to stipendiary magistrates without at the same time thinking of the major question which must be in the minds of many people, and in particular of those who will read

this report, namely whether our system of lay justices should be indefinitely continued or whether it should be restricted or terminated.

The majority of the evidence given to us favours the retention of the system of lay justices, which is, so far as I know, peculiar to this country. At the same time there is some evidence in favour of the appointment of professional justices throughout the country, and in case it is considered material I should like to state my opinion, formed after giving I hope proper attention to the evidence.

I think that it is merely a question of time before lay justices disappear. It is a question not of whether but of when they should be replaced by professionals. Obviously such a change could not be effected in one operation, or in a short time. It will be carried out over a period of years. It was said with emphasis by some distinguished witnesses that there would not be a sufficient number of members of the legal profession available for appointment as full time stipendiary justices to cover the whole country at once. That is clearly true; but it is also true that given a reasonable period of time, say five or ten years, a sufficient number of professional lawyers could be found who would be suitable.

I therefore contemplate not a sudden but a gradual replacement of lay justices by stipendiaries. I admit that this change when first instituted will on the whole be unpopular; but the hostility will be temporary and partly caused by personal prejudices. I am convinced that the administration of justice in our petty sessional courts would on the whole be more efficient if it was conducted by trained lawyers, possibly with the assistance of two laymen sitting with each professional, a system for which there is much to be said. I do not believe that a system which apparently works well in Scotland and Ireland, to say nothing of many other countries, cannot be made to work effectively in England and Wales. Under the Summary Jurisdiction and Criminal Justice Act of the Northern Ireland Parliament passed in 1935, that country is, like Eire, covered entirely by stipendiary magistrates. I have no reason to think that administration of justice there is less efficient than in England, and I have not heard of any difficulty in recruiting sufficient magistrates. It is true that in Scotland a small proportion of the work remains in the hands of lay justices. The bulk of it however is done by the Sheriffs and Sheriffs Substitute, who are professionals comparable to metropolitan or stipendiary magistrates in England. I think that the Irish system could profitably be extended to England.

I quote these conclusions *in extenso* because they precisely represent my own views and, indeed, although the Commission as a whole would favour the continuance of the present system, outside areas where stipendiaries sit, their own statements are the strongest argument in favour of the conclusion that the present haphazard system, in these days when nearly all crime is dealt with summarily, is no longer defensible. Thus it is said:

A certain number of persons appointed justices are lawyers or in some other capacity have had much experience of the administration of justice, but the bulk of new justices at the time of their appointment know very little about the duties they are to perform. The law that justices have to administer is extensive and complex and any attempt to give lay justices an adequate knowledge of it would not usually succeed. What we think is possible and should be done is to train justices to understand the nature of their own duties rather than the substantive law that they administer. In the forefront we should put the meaning of "acting judicially." The Lord Chief Justice of England, Lord Goddard, in his evidence points out that justices do not get reproved for being wrong in law, but that a failure to act judicially is a reason for censure. In the course of court proceedings a justice must be sufficiently instructed

to perform his duties without constant reference to the clerk. Thus he must know the procedure in ordinary cases ; it is for instance not unknown for a bench to misunderstand the nature of a submission that there is no case to answer. He should know something of the law of evidence, at least enough to enable him to avoid mistakes in any questions that he may ask. When justices know and understand their duties they and the clerk can work satisfactorily together ; if they are ignorant the clerk must either watch them make mistakes that may be serious to the parties and to the justices, or intervene and take too much part in the proceedings.

The remedy proposed, that the justices should undertake to receive instruction, seems to me entirely impracticable and inadequate. Years of training in law are necessary to fit a man to understand the law of evidence and to construe acts and regulations. "Short Manuals" and visits to quarter sessions are recommended, but it is conceded that "local conditions do not allow of any rigid national scheme." While it is admitted that "judicial conduct is a specialized discipline or technique" it is apparently considered that an undefined "instruction" will meet the case.

Meanwhile the anomalous relation of the clerk, who at present in greater or less degree instructs the court, and the justices, who alone have ultimate responsibility, is not adequately considered. Nevertheless it is recommended that "the system by which justice is administered in courts of summary jurisdiction mainly by lay justices should be continued" and all that is proposed is that the Crown should have power (as well as a local authority on request) to appoint stipendiaries, so that an increase in their number is not ruled out as impracticable, nor is any limit placed to their number, save the discretion of the executive ministerial authority.

A further disappointment to the reformer in this very cautious Report is the failure to recommend any drastic revision of the present method of appointing chairmen. The Commission points out how all-important it is that the chairman should be competent and agrees with the Departmental Committee of Justices' Clerks that "the practice still common of the senior magistrate present taking the chair is highly unsatisfactory." The advice of the Home Office against this practice has produced little effect. What is now suggested is that there shall be a secret ballot for chairman, which in itself does not guarantee any technical efficiency for the office, and that the appointment should be confirmed by quarter sessions—again no indication is given on what grounds it might be refused. Such a power exercised would probably lead only to local strife within the county, in which contention the main purpose of the objection an appointment would be ignored. Yet, says the Commission, "good chairmanship of a court is essential to the proper conduct of its business. The efficiency of the court, and the repute in which it is held, depend perhaps more upon the chairman than any other factor." The Commission think that the method of appointment (the secret ballot and confirmation) may be reviewed when there is "experience of the working of the system." Can so slight a change really affect the present, very

unsatisfactory position ?

The exclusion of political considerations in the appointments, so far as can be effected, is wholly good, so also the removal of local justices appointed *ex officio* as chairmen or mayors, but as a whole it must regretfully be conceded that the Commission—appointed it will be remembered after several recent examples of utter incompetency on the part of local benches—is quite unconstructive. The lives and fortunes of thousands of the humblest will continue to depend upon the vagaries of an un-constructed and unqualified tribunal, saved only by uncertain interventions of the clerk. It is a system suited to an age more primitive than our own; it does not obtain in its crude form in any part of the United Kingdom except England, not even present there in the larger urban areas. There are times when tradition and sentimental adherence to the past may be thought too dearly ; it is suggested that the continuance of our present amateurish summary jurisdiction has reached the limits of its usefulness and that this Commission will not be the last word we shall hear on the matter.

HENRY SLESSER.

INDIA'S T.V.A.

By V. S. SWAMINATHAN

TO India 1947 was a banner year for two excellent reasons: the Dominions of India and Pakistan and, even more significant from economic and social reasons, the adoption of the draft constitution for the Damodar Valley Corporation (D.V.C.). This was modelled on the Tennessee Valley Authority by representatives of the Government of India, Bengal and Bihar at the Inter-Provincial Conference held at New Delhi.

Only by transferring arduous labour from the aching shoulders of men, women and juveniles on to the iron backs of power-driven machinery is it possible to conquer poverty, secure freedom from want, and raise the admittedly low living standards of India's millions. Water and waterways form India's basic sources of wealth and national well-being. Their control, conservation and regulation for beneficial use must be the country's first concern in any scheme of national planning. It is significant that the authors of the Bombay Plan placed the production of power first in their list of basic enterprises, because the development of the nation's industries, large and small, as well as farming and transport, will be determined to a large degree by the development of electricity.

The amount of electricity consumed in India annually is just about equal to that generated in the United States in a week. Moreover, the better half of this power is accounted for by four cities, while ninety per cent. of the Indian population has none. *Per capita* consumption of electric energy in the United States and the United Kingdom is respectively 180 and 100 times as great as in India. India not only specially lends herself to hydro-electric projects but peremptorily demands them. Her coal and oil supplies are inadequate and have, moreover, a restricted geographical distribution. They are thus costly except in a few favoured localities. Water-power and its transmission, on the other hand, offer great possibilities both in the quantity available and the relative cheapness with which electric energy can be supplied to most parts of this vast sub-continent. In the light of local topographical conditions and incidence of rainfall hydro-electric schemes can, and must frequently, be linked with irrigation projects, the water being first used to drive the turbines at the generating stations and then distributed for irrigating crops. Professor M. N. Saha is emphatic that multi-purpose development, the benefits of which have been strikingly demonstrated by the Tennessee Valley Authority, is applicable to quite a number of major Indian rivers.

flood control, irrigation, power generation and navigation all entail a scheme of conservation, impounding, release, control and utilization of water which must be balanced and co-ordinated throughout a river basin, and projects undertaken independently can effectively defeat one another. Such a multi-purpose development will not only help in protecting the countryside from flood damage and soil erosion, in growing more food, in generating cheap electricity for industrial, agricultural and domestic uses and in affording cheap transport, but will also yield substantial revenues—direct and indirect—to the State. The productivity of a project should not in any case be measured merely by direct revenue and net returns, but by the resulting rise in living standards of the people affected, of the general improvement in their health and well-being and in the indirect returns to the State.

What are the water supplies, irrigation and hydro-electric power generation of India to-day and what are her plans for the immediate future? The mean annual supply of water in Indian rivers is 2,300,000 cft. per second. By far the bulk of it is concentrated in the monsoon months, and except for the snow-fed Himalayan rivers most of the other water courses are practically dry during the hot months. At the present time less than six per cent. of the available water wealth in Indian rivers is utilized. The remainder is running to waste and in the process doing much damage to life and property through uncontrolled floods and their aftermath of blocked drainages and stagnant pools breeding malaria-carrying mosquitoes. If the utilizable, but so far unused, water potential is even only one-third of the total it will amount to five times the quantity now being beneficently employed throughout India.

About 400 millions of India's total of 1,000 million acres of land are under cultivation, and nearly 250 million acres either lie fallow or are uncultivated wastelands. The main reasons for such a huge area lying unproductive are liability to floods and lack of irrigation facilities. That irrigation adds to productivity goes without saying. The output of rice from irrigated areas is better by thirty per cent. in the United Provinces, forty per cent. in Madras and sixty per cent. in the Punjab. Wheat has the same story, the corresponding figures, being fifty per cent., for Sind and the United Provinces, sixty per cent. for the Punjab and North-West Frontier Province and 150 per cent. for Bombay.

India leads the world in the amount of land under irrigation, over seventy million acres being watered annually from canals, tanks and wells. In the past irrigation projects, particularly in Northern India, were mainly confined to diversion of available supplies in the rivers, and proved particularly remunerative. Such applications have by now been mostly used up, and the main hope of extending irrigation in the future lies in the surplus supplies capable of storage during the monsoon months and of release as required during months of water scarcity. Fortunately, these projects lend themselves to multi-purpose development.

Cheap power is India's primary need for domestic purposes, manufacturing fertilizers, agriculture, industry and conservation of her meagre coal reserves. The amount of electricity used by a people is the measure of their prosperity and power in economic, social and political spheres. India's power consumption at 9.2 per head* is absurdly low compared with America's 1,470 and Britain's 906 units, and she must go a long way to catch up with the more advanced countries of the west, and even with Japan. According to Mr. A. N. Khosla, the chairman of Central Waterways, Irrigation and Navigation Commission, on a rough approximation the water power potential of India is likely to be between thirty to forty million kw. Against this, existing hydro-electric development of only half-a-million kw. indicates the immensity of scope for power development. Projects under way, or being considered, include Bakra and Nangal in the Punjab, Nayar and Rihand in United Province, Kosi in Nepal, Damodar in Bihar, Tista in Bengal, Mahanadi in Orissa and Machkund, Godavari and Tungabhadra in Madras. They will provide power aggregating 4,500,000 kw.

The D.V.C. marks the first step in the promotion of a project with immense potentialities for the economic betterment of millions of people in Bengal and Bihar. It is a pioneer venture of prime significance to India with many other major river basins awaiting a similar treatment. It was decided upon after an American Technical Mission had reported upon it late in 1946. Three years ago the Damodar River Flood Inquiry Committee recommended that the forests and rivers of India should be central rather than provincial or State concerns, and that the Damodar Dam Project should aim not merely at flood prevention but include power generation and provision for irrigation. Sir Ardeshir Dalal, India's planning and development Member, stated in October 1944 that the Government was considering establishing by agreement between the centre and the provinces and States concerned an authority to whom the necessary powers for the execution of the Damodar River, and other similar projects, could be delegated.

The decision to go ahead with surveys and preliminary investigations on the Damodar project, for the unified, multi-purpose development of the basin in the Bihar and Bengal provinces, was made at Calcutta in August 1945. The constitution of the D.V.C. provides for the greatest flexibility and autonomy. Under the agreement of April 1947 the three parties would share equally the expenditure involved, and the money spent on irrigation would be shared by Bihar and Bengal in proportion to the benefit they are likely to derive under this head; capital expenditure on flood control would be shared by the three, but the centre would not undertake further liability; and recurring expenditure on account of maintenance operations, etc., is to be borne wholly by Bengal. The D.V.C. is to have three members

* Electrical units in this article represent kwh. *per capita* per year.

cluding a chairman to be appointed by the centre in consultation with the two provinces concerned.

The total catchment area of the Damodar River at its mouth is 8,500 square miles. In the valley torrential waters in their wayward rush to the sea have periodically wrought havoc. The provision, in the past, of flood embankments, while hardly mitigating this recurring danger, resulted in the cutting off of flood spills and the consequent loss of silt to fertilize the land; the loss of natural drainage channels accentuated, if it had not introduced, malaria and endangered the health of the people of the valley. Fertility of the soil also suffered from the washing away of top soil by heavy rains. Agriculture was unsafe without irrigation, and irrigation proved precarious in the absence of storage reservoirs. Facilities for impounding waters exist in the upper reaches of the river in the hilly Jharkhand Nagpur and Santhal Parganas in Bihar.

Computed to cost Rs. 55 crores, the Damodar Valley project calls for the construction of a number of dams, and when completed will provide perennial irrigation to 750,000 acres, and generate 300,000 kw. of electricity. By improving navigation facilities it will transform the river into an arterial waterway linking the Raniganj coalfield with the port of Calcutta, and by making cheap power available it will help in the establishment of new industries, facilitate industrial decentralization (to be welcomed for strategic and social reasons) throughout the basin and add to the prosperity of five million rural inhabitants and two million town dwellers. The Damodar valley contains the bulk of India's coal resources, and is in other ways eminently suited to industrial development.

Another conference of the representatives of the central Government, Orissa, Central Provinces and the Eastern States recently decided on a preliminary survey of the Orissa rivers to prepare multi-purpose conservation schemes. Enough water is known to flow yearly through the rivers of this poverty-stricken, backward province to fill the great U.S. Boulder Dam three times, and the entire run-off of Mahanadi, if it could be stored, would irrigate close on 1,000,000 acres. A navigable canal could be dredged some 350 miles long from the sea to Cuttack, Sambalpur and beyond into the Central Provinces. Lastly, this "combined operation" on the Orissa rivers could be made to furnish cheap power to that province, as well as parts of the Central Provinces and the Eastern States.

The Mahanadi Valley Project involves the erection of three dams on the river with provision for power generation, and the construction of three canal systems taking off from these dams for irrigation. The entire project is estimated to cost Rs. 47 crores, and the essential part, which is capable of execution in six or seven years, alone, Rs. 30 crores. Except for the expenditure of Rs. 6 crores on flood control the project is envisaged to be self-supporting. The total area that will eventually come under irrigation is about 2,500,000 acres.

Each of the three Mahanadi dams is independent in itself, and singly

can play an important part in the economic development of the basin. It is proposed to start work on the Hirakud dam first. The reservoir area to be submerged lies wholly in Orissa. Construction materials are to be found on the spot. Good road and rail communications are within easy distance of the site, which is also close to valuable deposits of iron ore, bauxite and other useful mineral deposits. The reservoir will submerge 70,000 acres of irrigated land; as against this it is planned to irrigate 1,100,000 acres by gravity canals and by canals at a higher level than the reservoir into which water will be pumped by electricity generated at the dam. This will give the province an extra 340,000 tons of cereals. Also 300,000 kw. of power will be obtained from the eighty-five feet head at the dam and from another adjacent point on the river, and transmission lines will carry it to Cuttack and Jamshedpur.

Further south the great Godavari is to be developed along T.V.A. lines. A dam is to be thrown across the river where it drains a catchment area of 35,740 square miles. The canal system will be the largest in the world, the main one having a carrying capacity of 30,000 cft. per second. The entire canal network will command 3,750,000 acres and bring half that area under irrigation. Enough paddy could be grown on these new wet lands to wipe out half the rice deficit of the Madras Presidency. Falls in the canal are to be harnessed for a power generation of 750 million kwh. Also, a large thermal station is planned at the pithead of coal mines to act as a balancing appliance when the hydro power scheme comes into operation. In the meanwhile it will provide electric energy to newly developed iron and steel works, paper mills, cement, fertilizer and plastics undertakings in the area. In due course, a model industrial town will arise on the river banks, and a housing estate for war veterans. Cheap water power will facilitate the economic development of the basin's mineral riches—manganese ore, iron ore, graphite, mica, kyanite and limestone.

The waters of the Tungabhadra River in the arid Deccan are also to be conserved, and utilized to the best advantage. One of the world's major irrigation undertakings, entailing an outlay of over Rs. 18 crores, this project will also furnish over 100,000 kw. of electricity. The storage reservoir will hold 800 million gallons of water which will be diverted to irrigate one of the most arid and precarious regions in the whole of South India with an average annual rainfall of only eighteen inches. The canal system will command 1,500,000 acres, and irrigate half that acreage, hitherto the victim of famine or food scarcity every other year. Over 500 million kwh. of electricity could be developed from the canal falls which will benefit a host of industries—gold mines, sugar cane and oil mills. Rural areas and cottage industries should also derive considerable advantage from this development.

Up in Nepal the Kosi River project is taking practical shape. It consists of the construction of a dam across the river in this mountain kingdom to control floods and gradually release the impounded waters

irrigation, power generation and navigation ; the erection of two barrages and ancillary canal systems, one in Nepal and the other in Bihar, to stabilize the river channel and providing means for diverting Kosi's waters for irrigation ; the installation of power plants at the site of the dam to furnish electric energy for farming, industry and domestic uses, and the construction of navigation locks and adoption of other conservancy measures to render the channel navigable throughout the year and to resuscitate the dead and dying channels of the Kosi flood plain to improve drainage and eliminate malaria. The Kosi dam will rise 750 feet above the bedrock, making it the highest in the world. Irrigation will extend to 2,000,000 acres in Nepal and 2,000,000 in Bihar, thus providing an additional 1,000,000 tons of cereals to the area, while the power station capacity will equal 1,800,000 kw. This colossal conservation enterprise will stabilize the erratic channel of the river, and render navigable that stretch from the dam to the junction of Kosi with the Ganges and further down to Calcutta.

The most far-reaching scheme to provide irrigation, inland water transport and power was unfolded by Mr. Casey, the retiring Governor of Bengal, in December 1945. The object is to equalize the flow of the "Big Three"—Ganges, Tista and Brahmaputra—so that they will feed regularly and adequately the smaller rivers of Bengal subject to extraordinary seasonal fluctuations. To this end, as a first step, a great dam is to be thrown across the Tista in its narrow Himalayan gorge, impounding water hundreds of feet deep for forty miles upstream. It is to be utilized for generating power to take care of the industries—present and prospective—of Bengal. A barrage across the Ganges is also envisaged for raising the water level to feed the channels flowing into the moribund, drying and dead rivers of South Bengal and so rejuvenate them. Water taken from the latter will enable farmers to grow two and a half instead of at present one and a half crops annually, and help solve the biggest unemployment problem in the world—tens of millions of farmers who for half their time are idle.

Progress is being made in exploring the possibility of the Tista Dam project. The work contemplated entails construction of either a dam 50 to 700 feet high above the rock bottom capable of impounding 500,000 to 3,800,000 acre feet of water, or a series of dams in the Tista gorge or in the tributary streams of the river. If a single dam is feasible a promising site has been found near Guelle-Khola in the thirtieth mile of the Siliguri-Kalimpong road. To secure 15,000 cusecs throughout the year two main storage branches each forty miles inland would have to be constructed in the reservoir area. When completed the Tista Dam project will irrigate 4,000,000 acres of rice and 2,000,000 of *rabi* crops, improve the rail traffic of Duars and generate over 500,000 kw. of electricity. The problem is how much the withholding or diversion of the substantial volume of water from the Tista will affect the hydraulic balance of the Ganges

and Brahmaputra rivers. This will call for control of the Brahmaputra by diverting some of its flood waters through the old Mymensingh courses.

In the extreme south of the Peninsula hydro plants on the Cauvery are being supplemented by the completion of the Jog scheme in Mysore. The United Provinces in the north has six main electrification schemes in hand, many of them linked with irrigation and pumping projects. To encourage rural electrification a number of "nursery power schemes" making use of small mobile power stations of about 500 kw. capacity to supply rural blocks of 225 square miles each have been mooted.

It is not easy to apportion the value of these several projects as between the two Dominions of India and Pakistan. The former will naturally benefit most by their execution. In any case, allocation of the waters of North Indian rivers for various uses presupposes, in not a few cases, co-operation between the sister Dominions of the sub-continent.

The India Government were indeed fortunate in securing the services of Mr. M. L. Vorduin, formerly attached to the T.V.A. power projects division. And the Madras Government have procured the services of Mr. Sinclair Harper, associated with the U.S. Bureau of Reclamation for thirty-five years. The achievements of the T.V.A. have galvanized India into action. At the same time the extension of irrigation has brought several formidable problems—waterlogging, soil deterioration with alkaline salts, closed drainages and malarial mosquitoes. Research work on all these problems is in active progress. Schemes outlined here when completed will add to the nation's food supplies, productive capacity and transport facilities, and go far towards solving its three formidable problems of population, food and health.

(The author is a trained geologist, geographer, economist and statistician and lately investigated industrial and other developments in the United States of America.)

VIRTUOUS LADY QUEEN CATHERINE PARR

BY ALICE HARWOOD

Y^E shall one day wear a crown and not a cap, and wield a sceptre, not a distaff," was the proverbial gipsy's warning to a child named Catherine Parr, who had been born at Kendal Castle in 1512, the year before England's military victories at the Battle of Spurs and at Hodden. At that time Henry the Eighth reigned in apparent harmony with Katharine of Aragon, there was no serious talk of a breach with the Pope or even an English Bible, and the prospect of any mere noblewoman wielding the sceptre seemed remote. How Henry came to woo his sixth and last wife across the headless corpses of Anne Boleyn and Mary Boleyn Howard, the pathetic wraith of Jane Seymour and the living shadow of Anne of Cleves, is a saga that would seem legendary if told in an age less well-documented than that of the Tudors.

With all her defects Catherine Parr, who died on September 7, 1548, was the wisest personal choice which Henry made. Gracious rather than beautiful, *petite*, broad-browed, auburn-haired, she had a mind well abreast of the current religious problems, understood French, Latin and Greek, and was among the first women in England to become an author. How far ambition dictated her course we cannot tell, for she seems, at times, curiously enigmatic about her own affairs. Her letters to the king and his children are about themselves, not about her, and only to Thomas Seymour, Protector Somerset's younger brother, who brought romance to her life when she was past thirty, did she unburden her real self. One thing is certain, that her early life prepared her most peculiarly for the position to which Henry elevated her. The daughter of a north-country knight, she was descended from the Anglo-Saxon kings and from Alice Beville, related by marriage with the House of York, and her childhood was passed in the lovely Westmorland hill country, far from Court intrigues. When about fourteen she was married to Lord Borough, an elderly widower with a grown-up family, and when after two years he died, she was "passed on" to Lord Latimer, another twice-married widower, thus acquiring for herself several distinct sets of step-children and considerable experience in dealing with men older than herself.

News that King Henry had divorced the Spanish queen to marry Anne Boleyn must have aroused in her mixed feelings. Too kindly to be glad at the older woman's downfall, she yet approved whole-heartedly of Henry's breach with the Pope, seeing it in imagination as the victory of Moses over Pharaoh. Probably the sudden retirement of Lord Latimer

from the first Pilgrimage of Grace, whose leaders had elected him their spokesman against the suppression of the monasteries, was due to his wife's intervention. Latimer was at that time Comptroller of the King's Household, and it may be that Henry had appealed to Catherine to use her influence with him. At all events, there is reason to think that Henry met and respected his future wife long before any question of marriage arose. From her town mansion, the Charterhouse, Catherine watched the tide of events go by, shuddered perhaps at the execution of Anne Boleyn, rejoiced at the birth of a son to Jane Seymour, and smiled understandingly when Anne of Cleves resigned her wifehood to become "the King's good sister". Perhaps, also, she remembered the gipsy's prophecy.

Two momentous events for her, the death of Lord Latimer and the disgrace of Katheryn Howard, befell within twelve months of each other. From henceforth the Charterhouse changed its atmosphere. There was something creative in Catherine's mentality, fostered perhaps by her early life close to the mountains, an element which could never wholly be satisfied by marriage but which found partial expression in her book *The Lamentations of a Sinner*. The discussion circles which now formed themselves about her included such leaders of the Reformed Faith as Miles Coverdale and John Parkhurst, besides notable Court ladies of "advanced" views, her sister, Lady Herbert, the Dowager Duchess of Suffolk (stepgrandmother to Lady Jane Grey) and Anne Seymour, wife of the future Protector Somerset. Into this 'highbrow' existence penetrated the man destined to become her fourth husband—Thomas Seymour, a handsome intriguer, but well suited to Catherine in age and social status. When he proposed marriage, the widow answered as if jesting: "Someone higher than you has asked me." We need not suppose that these words were heartless, or that Lady Latimer was dazzled, as Katheryn Howard had been, by the prospect of a crown. The "someone higher's" offer sounded as a knell to her hopes and Thomas's; indeed, when King Henry first made known his wishes to her she, the staid matron, is said to have cried in alarm: "Better your mistress than your wife!"

But there were many factors which made it impossible for her to rebuff Henry. Not least was the danger to Thomas Seymour himself if she did so. He was at that time Lord High Admiral, and an admission from the widow Latimer that she preferred him to the King's Grace would have been sufficient to lose him that post as well as the hope of any other. Then, one would think, the religious motive must have been predominant in her mind, for it was vitally important to the Reformed Faith that the queen and her *entourage* should be of that persuasion and not like Katheryn Howard, a Catholic. Lastly, there was her inevitable pity for the lonely King and his motherless children, whose peculiar relationship to each other called for a tactful presiding influence. Henry, since the abrupt shattering of his infatuation for Katheryn Howard, had never been more in need of comfort and never less attractive to women. As

protector Somerset's wife said later, "he had brought himself low by his st and cruelty." Catherine, looking into her own soul, must have realized that she, of all people, had the power to raise him. Was she not really fitted to make life easy for a difficult man—she, who had nursed two elderly husbands, mothered innumerable stepchildren, and acquired of her own free will those accomplishments which royal-born ladies had to learn by compulsion?

What Catherine felt at the time we may partly glimpse from a letter which she wrote four years later, when King Henry's death set her free to accept Thomas Seymour: "I would not have you think this, mine honest goodwill towards you, to proceed from any sudden motion of passion, for as truly as God is God, my mind was fully bent the other time I was at liberty, to marry you before any man I knew. Howbeit, God withstood my will therein most vehemently for a time, and through His grace and goodness made that possible which seemed to me most impossible; that was, made me renounce utterly mine own will and follow His most willingly." With open eyes, then, and none of the elation felt by other noblewomen of Henry's choice, Catherine let Seymour go on a diplomatic mission to Vienna, and herself took the State barge for Hampton Court where, on a June day in 1543, she was married to Henry in the chapel "without issue of banns."

Across four centuries one can almost hear the universal sigh of relief when Catherine's expert hands took the domestic reins at Westminster. After ten years of scandal and tragedy there was a stable queen again, a middle-aged, tactful housewife. The King "never had such a wife more agreeable to his heart than she." Mary joined the royal progresses, and helped with a Paraphrase of the Gospels, to "be committed to the press . . . for the great good of the public." Elizabeth had her rightful place at Court, though a precarious one in her father's goodwill; Edward had a *carissima mater* to whom he wrote affectionately in Latin. When Henry went to war with France, Catherine was made regent in his absence, and no dissentient voices were raised. Only Anne of Cleves, in retirement at Richmond, said caustically of the marriage: "A fine burden hath Madame Catherine taken on herself!" This was true, and whatever the subsequent ages may make about the queen who kept her head, and the wife who nagged Henry, it is very certain that she cajoled rather than nagged, and that the sole matter in which she surreptitiously took her own way nearly cost her her life.

The interest she had long felt in Calvinistic doctrine was a thing neither to be shared with Henry nor wholly given up for him. When the unfortunate Anne Askew came to London and preached against the Mass, Catherine granted her an interview, even accepted from her a copy of Tyndale's New Testament, which was at that time banned in favour of Coverdale's. The visit was noted by such Catholic reactionaries as Dr. Gardiner and Chancellor Wriothesley, who saw in the new queen a

figurehead of the Reformed party that was already solidifying into Protestantism, and was bidding fair to assume power should Henry die during his son's minority. If Catherine could be discredited her disgrace would reflect on Cranmer and Edward Seymour, her most influential supporters at court. The terrible story of how Anne Askew was hunted down and burned at Smithfield, mainly for refuting the Real Presence in the Sacrament, is relieved only by the fact that she "saved her side" in refusing to implicate Queen Catherine.

But when placed on the rack, the martyred woman let fall a brief confession, that two of the queen's ladies had sent her money to purchase food with during her imprisonment. Gardiner and Wriothesley reported this to the king, and so convinced him of his wife's heretical tendencies that, according to rumour, "he purposed to burn her also." By accident or design a Court physician, Dr. Wendy, heard of her impending arrest and warned her in time for her to break down hysterically within her own apartments. It was the most diplomatic thing she could have done. Ailing himself, the king felt his blind rage diminish, and then followed the (to us) amusing scene in which they again became "perfect friends." Henry tried to draw out his wife's heresies with leading questions. "You are become a doctor Kate, to instruct us, and not to be instructed of us." "Indeed, sire," replied the queen hurriedly, "I have always held it preposterous for a woman to instruct her lord, and if I have occasionally ventured to differ from Your Highness on religious matters, it was to obtain information, and to pass away the pain and weariness of your present infirmity." Henry forgave her at once, but forgot to countermand the warrant for arrest. An even stranger scene followed, when Wriothesley tried to take the queen from Henry's side as they walked by the river, and was summarily dismissed; "Avaunt from our presence, beast, arrant knave, cur!" The queen's escape assured the stability of the Reformed party at court, to the discomfiture of the Catholics, and paved the way for those far-reaching religious reforms brought in by Cranmer and Protector Somerset after Henry's death, which occurred the following winter.

It is a sad fact that when, after a lifetime of consideration for others, Catherine was "at liberty" to please herself, her behaviour seems more open to criticism. She had saved Thomas Seymour once by her circum-spection; now, when he suggested that they be married, long before her period of mourning was over, at her dowerhouse of Chelsea Manor, she agreed; and although Mary, at least, was given some inkling of her stepmother's intention, the wedding was sufficiently clandestine to offend Protector Somerset, who knew and feared his brother's ambition. Small Edward ratified the marriage, gravely bidding the Queen Dowager: "Continue to love my father, to show the same kindness to me . . . and to read the Scriptures." What Elizabeth thought she expressed pungently in a letter to Mary: "Our interests being common, the just grief we feel

at seeing the ashes of the King our father so shamefully dishonoured by the Queen our step-mother, ought to be common to us also. Neither you nor I, dearest sister, are in such condition as to offer any obstacle . . . I think, then, the best course we can take is that of dissimulation."

Fourteen-year-old Elizabeth had another reason for her wrath and "dissimulation". Before approaching Catherine, Seymour had made the young princess an offer of marriage, and she, being subject to the Regency Council and devoted to her father's memory, had temporarily declined. By becoming her stepfather, Seymour created a most delicate state of affairs, for Elizabeth had been sent to Catherine to finish her education, and thus began the "eternal triangle" which ended in disaster for all three. Blind in her new-found happiness, Catherine at first encouraged the rather indecent romplings at Hanworth Palace, then, when the truth flashed upon her, broke out into jealous tirades; and although she was wise enough to send Elizabeth away quietly, it was too late to stop the backstair gossip filtering through London as far as Protector Somerset's horrified ears.

Fortunately, Catherine did not live to see her husband beheaded for treason, and Elizabeth prostrated under the burden of nerves and scandal. But she lived long enough to know that Thomas would have married higher than herself if he could, and that he had plotted to gain control of little King Edward. Perhaps, unconsciously, she had struck a prophetic note in her *Lamentations of a Sinner*, published in 1547 with a foreword by William Cecil and still to be seen in a tiny, gilt-edged edition among the treasures of the Bodleian Library. "I had a blind guide," she wrote, "called Ignorance, who dimmed so mine eyes that I could never perfectly get any sight of the fair, goodly, straight and right ways of His doctrine. I forgot the spiritual honouring of the true living God and worshipped visible idols."

During the last months of her life, however, Catherine enjoyed some of the spiritual peace which had been among her aspirations. Her "visible idol" Thomas agreed to retire with her for the summer to Sudeley Castle near Winchcombe. It is a dreamlike spot even to-day, the walls of yellow Cotswold stone contrasting with creepers and dark yew hedges, and the green hills girdling them round. Coverdale preached to Catherine in the chapel, Mary and Elizabeth, who could not be angry with her for long, wrote her solicitous letters, Lady Jane Grey visited her and found in her a mother's tenderness; the local people for centuries held a tradition that their forbears were visited in sickness by "the most virtuous lady Queen Katheryn" as the printers called her.

An elaborate nursery was fitted up at Sudeley in expectation of a son and heir, whose advent had been forecast by the customary palmist. There was a bed hung with "counterpoints of imagery to please the babe," a tapestry representing the months of the year, and a chair-of-state hung with cloth-of-gold, but the diminutive owner of these, born on August 30,

1548, confounded all prophecy. Protector Somerset wrote to his brother : "We are right glad to understand that the Queen hath made you father of so pretty a daughter, and although, if it had pleased God, it would have been, both to us and we suppose also to you, a more joy and comfort had this the first-born been a son, yet the escape of the danger and the prophecy . . . of proper sons which we trust no less than to be true, is no small joy and comfort to us, as we are sure it is to you and to Her Grace."

But the "joy and comfort" was quickly dispelled, for a week later Catherine herself died. Although her husband was said to have given her "shrewd taunts" there is no reason to believe the gossip that he poisoned her, for she showed all the symptoms of puerperal fever. Her burial at Sudeley was the first royal funeral to be celebrated according to the rites of the Church of England. "The choir sung certain psalms in English, and after the third lesson the mourners, according to their degrees, offered into the alms box . . . Doctor Coverdale took occasion to declare unto the people how the offering was not done to benefit the corpse but for the poor only, and the lights which were carried were for the honour of the person and for none other intent." There was a poignant significance in the presence of Lady Jane Grey as chief mourner, for none had more cause to appreciate the dead woman's kindness or to remember her religious teaching than this young girl foredoomed to sorrow, among whose possessions was found, years later in the Tower of London, "a picture of Queen Catherine Parr that is lately deceased."

DAPHNE AND APOLLO

BY PHOEBE HESKETH

Daphne

Even as I fly
 The dew on morning grass is dry
 From thirst of my pursuer.
 And rayed by his searching eye
 I race towards the river and the shade—
 Father, your voice is in the twinkling stones,
 Your sonorous, slumbrous tones
 Inhabit the sombre wood where I was born.
 The ancestral river loops in my crimson flow
 As water turns to blood.
 (Yet blood is water to the insatiate mouth
 Of lovers' drouth)—
 O take me to your breast, your sliding flood
 Shall drown me underneath his golden eye,

And I will watch him with his jug of fire
Pouring desire unheeded on my bed,
And sleep in his burning aim till his heart is dry !

My frightened feet take root,
My panting heart is soothed into a groove
Of wood,
And coolness calms my trembling limbs with ease—
The poise of trees is in my posturing.
And though fierce arms invade my quiet shade,
My polished fingers slant in smooth disdain
At his ineptitude—
Defenceless though I am in his embrace,
He cannot strip my green nor find my face.
When age should seam my cheek I will regain
Unblemished beauty in his absences :
Winter and night and rain shall come between
Forgetful of annihilating heat.
I am indifferent, blind, and dumb to love,
And lay my withered remnants at his feet.

Apollo

Straight limbs I loved are twisted to defy
My easy entrances.
My cracked lips bleed against a bloodless branch,
And shrill green horns deny
My golden penetration.
Yet when the bodiless wind comes swaying
Unhindered through your sightless spaces,
You let him have his way,
Bend to his will and open for his pleading,
And your truant graces
Are netted for his pleasure, while my speeding
Arrow strikes in vain.
My flushed face is towards you, all the glances
Of heaven linger down your bitter branches.
O green girl, feel my golden
Shower of life around you,
And turn to my advances like a dancer dazed with music.

Before I leave you with the darkening throng
Of shades that grope along the dwindling day,
I'll gild you with my immortality—
A poet's crown is your green destiny,
And flower beyond the stillness of his tongue.

SOME MUSICAL MEMORIES

BY G. F. McCLEARY

MY earliest recollections are chiefly of music. My father died when I was five years old, and most of my childhood was passed in the house of my great-uncle, who was an organist and an enthusiastic Handelian. He had a prodigious memory, and, himself blind from birth, had taught note by note a blind choir to sing five of Handel's oratorios as well as innumerable anthems and other church music. For him Handel was the greatest composer. Bach came second, but the rest he thought were a long way behind. He protested vigorously against the glorification of Mendelssohn, then prevalent in England, and had hardly a good word to say for any living composer. He had been a pupil of James Turle, organist of Westminster Abbey, for whom as an organist and teacher he had a profound reverence. He was an eloquent talker, and when in the mood would give me vivid accounts of the great performers he had heard. Anton Rubinstein and Sims Reeves stood out above the rest in his memory. Reeves's voice, he said, whether in singing or speaking, was the most beautiful sound he had ever heard. One of his memories was of the first performance of *Elijah* given in Manchester, Mendelssohn being the conductor. His wife, who was with him, told him that after the trio "Lift thine eyes" Mendelssohn turned to the singers with "the most heavenly smile she had ever seen on the face of any human being."

I can hardly remember a time when I was not familiar with *The Messiah*. The subjects of the fugal movements specially delighted me, my favourite being "He trusted in God", which I whistled and sang with much gusto at a very early age. When I was seven years old my uncle began to teach me to play his old Broadwood piano, which had long outlived its best days. Working at pianoforte technique was wearisome, but after about a year of it I began to learn the organ. This was a great adventure. Playing the organ is surely one of the most enthralling of human experiences. Listening to organ recitals does not much appeal to me, except when Bach is played—and played well—but to play the organ oneself is another matter.

At the age of eleven I had made sufficient progress to play voluntaries for my uncle, and at fourteen I was appointed organist of a local parish church. Playing the organ led naturally to the playing of Bach, and here the organist comes into his own. But my first meeting with Bach came earlier—through playing the first prelude in *Das Wohltemperirte Clavier* on

the piano. I thought it the most satisfactory piece of music I had ever heard, and now, over seventy years later, I see no reason to change that opinion. It seemed to mean something—something which though mysterious was intimate and important.

The "Forty-eight" became the foundation of my musical world. If I had to spend the rest of my life with only one work of music, that is the work I should choose. I remember asking my friend Dr. Howard Mumfrevell, an accomplished musician, what books he took with him on his first expedition to Mount Everest, the number of course being strictly limited. This was his list: a volume of Molière, *Vingt Ans Après*, the New Testament in modern English, *The Spirit of Man* (Robert Bridges' anthology), and the orchestral score of Stravinsky's *Petruschka*. It is an interesting list, but it would not have been my list, which certainly would have included a volume of the "Forty-eight". This immortal work has been loved by the master spirits of music. "Make the Forty-eight Preludes and Fugues of Bach your daily bread," wrote Schumann in his *Advice to Young Musicians*. Mozart loved them. His favourite fugues were Nos. 2, 5, 7, 8 and 9 in the second book, each a masterpiece. One may suppose that Mozart, a consummate craftsman, took special delight in the D major fugue in the second book, whose flow of serene beauty is the result of a succession of amazing technical achievements.

Beethoven played them frequently. Czerny said that he had based his edition, in which I first came to know them, on what he recollected of Beethoven's playing. That learned Bach scholar Donald Tovey told us that Beethoven's renderings, described by Tovey as "inevitably crude guesses", even if faithfully recorded by Czerny, should not be accepted as authoritative, since we have no evidence that Beethoven gave any special study to the interpretation of Bach, and much of Bach's music was known to him "only as a dim legend"; but it may be permissible to believe that the mighty genius of Beethoven gave him an insight into Bach's meaning more profound than anything that could be reached by years of scholastic analysis.

At an early age, I think it was in the year 1879, I conceived a lasting passion for a very different kind of music—the music of the Gilbert and Sullivan operas. It began with hearing *H.M.S. Pinafore* performed by a travelling company, and, in 1883, I saw at the Savoy theatre the first production of *Iolanthe*, with George Grossmith as the Lord Chancellor. The fairies had electric lights in their hair and at the tops of their spears, an effect I have never seen at any later performance of this opera. Grossmith was inimitable. He gave the finest performance, in subtlety and finish, it has been my good fortune to see in the Gilbert and Sullivan series.

I have found in the Gilbert and Sullivan operas an unfailing source of delight. They are as fresh and joyous to me now, in the closing years of a long life, as when I first heard them. It speaks well for the taste of the British public that the popularity of these masterpieces shows no sign of

diminishing. There is hardly a town in the country without an amateur society capable of staging a creditable performance of Gilbert and Sullivan ; and the professional touring companies play to audiences largely composed of devotees sufficiently well up in the scores to prompt a player who should suffer a lapse of memory. While recognizing the astonishing brilliance and *élan* of Gilbert's contribution to the partnership, I cannot help thinking that the extraordinary success of the operas should be attributed mainly to the enchantment of Sullivan's music. I have heard it described as "Mozart and water", a saying which I suppose was intended to be smart, but was merely silly. Doubtless Sullivan learnt much from Mozart. Many other composers have learnt much from Mozart ; and many would have composed better music if they had learnt much more from Mozart. Sullivan's ideas were his own ; he borrowed them from nobody. May his name be blessed ! He has often brought the spirit of delight into my life.

In the first performance I heard of *Pinafore* the part of Sir Joseph Porter was played, and well played, by Richard Mansfield. He early quitted the operatic stage and went to America, where he became one of the most celebrated actors of his time. It is said that when, at the height of his fame, he was studying the part of Richard III, he held forth at length to Henry Irving on the difficulties, physical and mental, of the part and the immense efforts he was putting out to master it. Irving listened most sympathetically, and at the end of Mansfield's catalogue of troubles remarked : "Then, my dear boy, I shouldn't do it. I shouldn't do it."

In 1884 I became a pupil of James Kendrick Pyne, organist of Manchester Cathedral, one of the most famous of organists. From his father, who was for many years organist of Bath Abbey, he had inherited a remarkable gift for improvisation, which he sedulously cultivated as a pupil of Samuel Sebastian Wesley, the greatest English church musician of the nineteenth century ; and his playing in the cathedral services, from the first note of the prelude to the last note of the postlude, both of which were always extempore, was entralling in its limpid and austere beauty. The recitals that he gave as city organist in the Manchester Town Hall drew large audiences from a wide area. His technique was wonderful, but as a recitalist he was, to my mind, less successful than as a cathedral organist.

Pyne was by no means unaware of the distinction of his attainments, and, like one of M. Jourdain's professors, he appreciated *les louanges éclairées*. Late in the eighteen-eighties an event occurred that must have given him much gratification. The Duke of Clarence, who had he lived would have been King of England, visited Manchester as the leading figure in an important civic function, and was entertained at a banquet in the Town Hall. When, before his visit, he was asked whom he would wish to have seated next to him at the banquet he chose Pyne from among the Manchester notables he was to meet.

Amid the distractions of a busy life I lost touch with Pyne for many

ars, but when in New Zealand in 1936 I learnt from Dr. Bradshaw, organist of Christchurch Cathedral and a former pupil of Pyne's, that our old master, though a very old man, liked to receive callers. On my return to England a few months later, I saw him for the last time. He was eighty-four years old and very deaf, but his mind was clear and active. When over eighty he had signed a lucrative contract to play Bach's organ music for radio and recording, but a few days later he was knocked down by an automobile and received injuries that put an end to his organ playing. He died at the age of eighty-six.

My studies with Pyne were cut short by the removal of my family to the Isle of Wight, where I obtained an appointment as church organist. In 1887 I took the Associateship of the College of Organists—it was before the College became "Royal"—and shortly after a small legacy enabled me to do what I had long wanted to do, become a student at the Royal College of Music.

The College was then in the building now occupied by the Royal College of Organists. George Grove was the Director, Hubert Parry and Villiers Stanford were professors of composition, and Walter Parratt was professor of the organ. Grove's enthusiasm for music was boundless and infectious. He was a man of many gifts and achievements, among the latter being his discovery, with Arthur Sullivan, of the manuscript of Schubert's *Losamunde* music in Vienna in 1867. In their search Grove and Sullivan examined an enormous accumulation of manuscripts in Spina's shop, where they met an old clerk, V. Döppler, who had sold music to Beethoven, had often seen him conversing, by means of a slate and pencil, with Czerny, and had been present at the christening of Schubert. So I can say that I have talked with Grove, who had talked with Döppler, who had sold music to Beethoven and had seen Schubert christened. As a matter of fact, I talked many years ago with an old man who had seen Napoleon. But what was Napoleon compared to Beethoven and Schubert?

In his address to the college students at the beginning of the autumn term in 1889, Grove told how he had spent most of his summer holiday visiting Gneixendorf and the other country places round Vienna where Beethoven did much of his composing, "in the open air away from the smell of the camp." He warmed to his subject as he talked of Beethoven's methods of composition; of how Beethoven in his country rambles carried notebooks on which he jotted down the ideas he afterwards developed "with heavenly alchemy". "These things I am telling you about Beethoven," he continued, "may not seem to matter to you young people, but when you are old you will find that they matter a great deal." Although Grove was enthusiastic about Schubert, Beethoven was for him the supreme master. His book on the nine symphonies, a boon to music lovers, won unstinted praise from one of the severest of critics, Bernard Shaw, who urged Grove to follow it with a book on the pianoforte

concertos. In one of his early writings on music Mr. Shaw tells how, sitting next to Grove at August Mann's concerts at the Crystal Palace, he would see Grove, who was thirty-six years older than Shaw, appearing to grow younger and younger while Beethoven was being performed, so that someone who knew not Grove would say to Shaw : "Your son, Sir, appears to be a very enthusiastic musician."

It is a pity that the book on the symphonies was not followed by one on the quartets, for Beethoven's development may more profitably be studied in the quartets even than in the symphonies. That triumphal progress from the six early quartets, Opus 18, beautiful as they are, through the splendour of the three Rasoumowskys to the strange seas of thought revealed in the last quartets—how did it come about ? I have been told that it was because by constant practice and the taking of infinite pains, Beethoven arrived at a consummate command of technique. But it was not by a mere mastery of technique that the Beethoven of Opus 18 became the Beethoven of the C sharp minor quartet. Shakespeare too has three periods, but in his third period he is not greater than in some earlier works ; *The Tempest* is not greater than *Lear*. Is there anything in the creative arts comparable to Beethoven's continuous and enormous advance in the power and significance of what he gave to mankind ?

At the College Walter Parratt taught the organ five days a week, and when Friday came he put cotton wool in his ears to protect his auditory nerves. He was a great organist, choir trainer, and teacher, and, to quote from Groves's article on him in the *Dictionary of Music and Musicians*, "the delight of his colleagues, friends, and pupils." Parratt has exercised an immense and probably unequalled influence on organ playing in the English-speaking countries. He liked neat, fluent fingering and strong phrasing, and his taste was impeccable. His gifts were extraordinary. He could distinguish notes, both high and low, far beyond most people's range of perception. He could play Bach's organ music by heart, and at the same time conduct two games of chess, and he could on occasion perform amazing feats of transposition. When only ten years old he played by heart, without notice, the whole of Bach's forty-eight preludes and fugues. I looked forward eagerly to my meetings with him, and cherish his memory.

Before going to the College I had lived chiefly in small provincial towns, away from the main movements of the musical world. Coming now to a great school of music, I had to reconsider my views in music and musicians. From *les jeunes* I heard opinions that seemed to smack of rank heresy. My revered Handel was, it appeared, an old back number, and Mendelssohn mere sentimental sweetstuff. I heard disparagement even of Mozart : some bold young modernists would declare that as a composer of operas he had had his nose put out of joint by Wagner. The students could broadly be divided into Wagnerians and Brahmsians, and there were some who had a foot in each camp. The impact of Wagner on me was over-

reaching, and I remained under his thrall for some years. I still enjoy the *Meistersinger*, *Tristan*, some of *Parsifal*, and much of the *Ring*; but, like Mr. Bernard Shaw, I switch off my radio when the overture to *Tannhäuser* begins, though I keep it on for the overture to *William Tell*. Among the modernist students there were devoted readers of a musical critic who had recently arisen in the musical world—Corno di Bassetto of the *Star*, who was, as I learnt some years later, none other than Mr. Shaw. Corno's articles were like no other musical criticism I had ever read. His judgments of executants were rarely at fault, but I was not frequently surprised by what he wrote about composers. He seemed consciously unaware of the towering greatness of Schubert; I sometimes wondered whether he had ever heard the C major string quintet, or the quartets in A minor and D minor, or the slow movement of the B flat trio, which, one might imagine, was whispered to Schubert by one of the winged seraphs of Heaven." And as to Brahms, some of Corno's remarks were downright silly, as he himself handsomely admitted many years later in the collected edition of his *Star* articles. But he was always well worth reading, for he had something to say and said it effectively. Free concert tickets were occasionally available for College students, and in this way I heard some remarkable performances. The one that stands out most prominently in my memory is Sarasate's playing of Mendelssohn's violin concerto. Though Sarasate was not, I think, so great an artist as Joachim, he seemed to put a spell upon his hearers. Even the trivial pieces that were too often included in his programmes emerged as rare jewels of sound under the witchery of that golden tone. One might say as Ben Jonson said men felt when listening to Francis Bacon: "The ear of every man that heard him was lest he should make an end." It is said that Sarasate set the prevailing fashion of taking the last movement of the Mendelssohn concerto at a breakneck speed. He certainly took it *prestissimo*, but it did not sound too fast as he played it. You could hear every note and every note had value. What a pity he lived before the days of modern recording, though the best records would be but a poor substitute for Sarasate in person! An American friend of mine used to hate the pianola, partly because, as he said, "with the pianola you are removed from the disturbing influence of the performer's personality." I don't like being removed from Sarasate's personality. I wish the good memories could take me back half a century, so that I might again hear Sarasate play on the Stradivarius—of the 1724 vintage—which since his death has, in his honour, lain in state as a museum specimen in the Paris Conservatoire.

THE FORTNIGHTLY LIBRARY

PERSONAL EXAMPLE

By JOHN ARMITAGE

IT cannot be often, when one comes to read the biography of a man whose companionship one had for a few scattered hours over a small period of his life, one finds that the nature of man revealed to one in so short a time was round and true. With William Temple it was plainly so. "Manly, transparently sincere, loyal, strong" commented his headmaster when he left school and Dr. Iremonger, his biographer*, adds qualities such as his extraordinary courtesy and humility in debate and his gargantuan laugh (at Oxford described by a don as fatal to his digestion), which bring Temple back into the room, a memory that time will find difficult to fade for all who met him.

Dr. Iremonger's biography is a splendid narrative; one to be read for courage and comfort time and again. But nothing is plainer from it than that thirty-two chapters and more than 600 pages are far from sufficient for a discussion of Temple's tremendous and triumphant life. There is room still, a little later perhaps, for the three volumes critical biography which may need, so great was the man, to be the work of several hands. Temple was never breathless; he seemed to have time—at least up to the last years at Canterbury—for everything and everybody. A chronological biography cannot cope with him. Dorothy Emmet's chapter "The Philosopher" should be the length of a book; so should "The Pastor and Teacher"; so should the educationist's. And so on.

From Dr. Iremonger's book one impression goes deep into the mind. It is that Temple was far greater than most of the machinery he used to further his views. The conferences he convened, the movements he supported, doubtless had real value in themselves but they achieved little compared with the achievements of Temple whose personal leadership inspired all with whom he was in touch. That probably was the real value of 'Life and Liberty', 'Copec' and 'Malvern'. As movements they petered out but not before they had enabled Temple to make fresh contacts with hundreds who afterwards wanted to lead more useful lives.

But Temple's influence was not confined to those who benefited from his physical presence, comforting though this was. He was for thousands who never saw him, perhaps never heard him even as a broadcaster, the people's archbishop, the kind of man, they thought, an archbishop ought to be. Dr. Iremonger illustrates this with stories of the shock sustained by many at the news of his death and it is illustrated to-day by the sense of loss which the mention of his name nearly four years after that tragic event still provides.

Why was this? Why was Temple so greatly beloved even by those who had no chance to test his qualities for themselves. Dr. Iremonger offers many reasons as his tale unfolds but chief among them, I think, was the unerring instinct that the crowd has for recognizing integrity in public figures. He was a "manly man" and a good one; strong but courteous and gentle; best of all he was ambitious, in the right sense, while incapable of furthering his own interests either by action or by silence. And he

*William Temple. *Archbishop of Canterbury. His Life and Letters*, by F. A. Iremonger. Geoffrey Cumberlege. Oxford University Press. 25s.

a "jolly" man. One of the secrets of State one would dearly like to know is how private was public opinion in translating Temple from York to Canterbury. Of his own opinion he himself was doubtful. He wrote to his brother on January 27, 1942: "I should be surprised if just at this moment the 'powers' select me for Canterbury. Some of my recent utterances have not been liked in political circles, and it would be thought strange that to choose me now is to endorse them. I don't deny I should like to be selected!"

So he did, and perhaps it was a pity. If he had not, he might still be with us, helping through the years of disillusionment, when what was planned for "after the war" is proving so difficult of attainment. For Temple in spite of his Olympian mind was deeply concerned about what was going on among the foothills. Thus he had time to answer all his serious correspondents. And in reply to use the occasion for, straight, when possible good humoured speaking. For example, to a correspondent who connected a resolution on a Report stating that it was considered that "a higher standard of honesty was expected among business men than among the clergy," he answered:

Of course if the word honesty is to be interpreted as saying what you think when you have not taken the trouble to think much, it may be true that the average business man has a finer sense of it than the average ecclesiastic. But if honesty of mind means, as it ought, an effort to do justice to the various aspects of truth before responsibility is taken for expressing opinion, a different result may possibly be reached.

And when, in 1943, he was surprised at the lack of enthusiasm shown by churchpeople at the Government's offer to find half of the cost of bringing up to date and maintaining church schools he said:

Above all let us not give the impression that our concern as churchpeople is only with the adjustment of the dual system: we ought as Christians to be concerned about the whole of educational progress. I am quite sure that the raising of the school age will of itself do more to make permanent the religious influence of the school than anything that can be done with directly denominational purpose.

He did not agree with him either on this or on other occasions. Sometimes he was at fault, speaking before he had the full facts at his command. But if he erred, and his error was pointed out, he was swift to acknowledge it. Yet how seldom he erred compared with other men, how strong was his faith and knowledge, how convincing his exposition, how instinctive his choice of word and phrase, how brilliant his understanding of the minds of others, how dexterous his marshalling of diverse arguments and how humble he was in spite of it all. For he knew he owed his gifts to God. No wonder men "listened like anything."

ESSAYS ON PHILOSOPHY, by A. D. Ritchie. *Longmans*. 12s. 6d.

The Professor of Logic and Metaphysics at Edinburgh has collected from periodicals a number of short essays on great subjects, and has added a very clever dialogue, in Plato's earlier manner, on the existence of God. He discusses fairly the thorny problem of nihilism. If war is flatly contrary to Christianity, ought a Christian nation to accept martyrdom? If a powerful government says "Evil, be thou my god," should the mad dog be allowed to run free? Since the nation is only one of the bodies to which we owe

loyalty, there may be a conflict of duties. "We ought to obey God rather than man." We must not say with the American Stephen Decatur, "my country, right or wrong"; but we ought to be very sure that our country is wrong before refusing to take our share in its defence. Such is his conclusion.

On miracles Professor Ritchie wobbles a little, since he is inclined to believe in telepathy, second sight, and perhaps even in precognition. But he insists rightly that to call some events acts of God and others natural is not permissible. And yet this interpolation of the supernatural in the natural

order is what makes the idea of miracle, "faith's dearest child," as Goethe says, popular. People want to be assured that God 'does something'. That miracles prove nothing of importance to religion is plain when we think about it.

The Professor has not much difficulty in disposing of 'logical positivism', which is said to be just now rather popular at our universities.

Professor Ritchie has a great admiration for Samuel Alexander, his colleague at Manchester. He thinks that the marriage of space-time will not be dissolved, though to make time the mind of space and space the body of time seems to some a kind of fantastic gnosticism. He calls Alexander's system evolutionary naturalism, with its emphasis on 'emergence', a conception common to him and Lloyd Morgan. The word helps to blur the very important question whether evolution means the unpacking of what was there in germ from the first, or whether we must allow what Kant called epigenesis, the introduction of new factors. Further, the mere facts as experienced may tell us of a succession of events in time, but not whether any one event is better or worse than another. Alexander, who exhorts us to "take time seriously", is still, we cannot help thinking, under the influence of the lay religion of the nineteenth century, which Catholics call the last western heresy, belief in a law of cosmic progress, in what Tennyson oddly calls "one increasing purpose". Otherwise he would hardly have pictured God as a Being who has given notice that He is about to "emerge." Alexander's "natural piety" will hardly justify this strange idea. The status of time in reality is no doubt the hardest problem in metaphysics. Bertrand Russell, in sharp disagreement with Alexander, tells us not to take time seriously. Bosanquet says that to cast our ideals into the future is the death of sane idealism; Anatole France that "the future is a good place in which to store our dreams." On the other hand, a world in which nothing really happens is

not the world we know.

In an article on Immortality the author rightly distinguishes three theories—survival, perpetuity, and eternal life. The last is concerned with quality, not with quantity or duration. The three are logically independent of each other. Individual survival is hard to maintain without pre-existence, and in fact is full of difficulties. Perpetuity, many have thought, is the time-form of eternity, which Boethius defines as "*interminabilis vite tota simul perfecta possessio*." For Spinoza, "the mind is eternal in so far as it conceives things under the form of eternity." Traditional Christian eschatology is a jumble of incompatible ideas about the future life, but all eschatology must be symbolic.

W. R. INGE.

JESUS—A Biography, by Hugh J. Schonfield. *Herbert Joseph*. 12s. 6d.

THE LIFE OF JESUS, by C. J. Cadoux. *Pelican Books*. 1s. 6d.

Whoever would write the life of Jesus must do three things—he must set Jesus against the actual historical background in which He lived; he must show, if possible, the inner cohesion and development of His life, and he must, above all, be able to suggest the depths of His personality.

In the first two of these tasks Mr. Schonfield has succeeded admirably. His wide reading in history and his close acquaintance with apocryphal literature and Midrash, as well as with the canonical Gospels, have enabled him to outline the turbulence, hope and despair of the historical background of the life of Jesus with unusual vividness and fidelity so that it has the "feel" of reality. This part of his work has never been better done and it has light to throw upon both the teaching and deeds of Jesus which is often a real illumination. In like manner he has given us a coherent sketch of the external life of Jesus and has set forth the drama of it in terms as probable as any that have found their way into modern "lives" of Jesus. We may have our doubts about details of his account.

Could Jesus, for example, have appealed to the crowd over the heads of both civil and religious leaders at the very beginning of His ministry without realizing the probable end thereof? Was the Cross an afterthought or was it something that was on the horizon for the whole length of His public ministry? But details, even rather important details such as this, do not affect the validity of the general picture of the movement of events and it is all to the good that the outlines of that picture have been so firmly sketched in.

It is when we come to the third issue that we sense inadequacy and grow uneasy. The panorama of events and their background are both excellently done but the Person remains unconvincing. In part that is due to Mr. Schonfield's determined attempt to present the conception of the Kingdom of God in purely eschatological and apocalyptic terms without realizing that Jesus transferred the whole idea from the category of time to the category of quality. What was important was not that it transpired in the "last days" but that it issued in a new type of personality and society. In greater part it is due to the fact that Mr. Schonfield has interpreted Jesus by the experience of frustration and impatience as known to ordinary men and so we get not a little talk of impatience, jangled nerves and the like. In other words Jesus is at the mercy of His environment—an interpretation of which the New Testament is not patient. But most of all, and closely connected with this last fact, he fails because the genuine sense of tragedy is absent. Probably only one to whom has come the tragic experience of bearing in his heart the self-destructive disobedience of a son can ever enter into the mind of Jesus, and that sense simply is not in this book. Had it been there, the author would have been much less ready than he has been to speak of exasperation and tingling nerves and the like.

To sum up, this is an excellent book for the background of the life of Jesus and only a little less so as an account of

the way in which events actually moved, but the dimension of depth in the character of Jesus has almost wholly escaped him—the Author.

Dr. Cadoux', alas, posthumous book will not please traditionalists for it is the work of an avowed modernist who lays reverent but none the less destructive hands on ancient dogmas like the Virgin Birth, on not a few miracles, and reduces the Resurrection to a series of mysterious inexplicable appearances. Yet it has one supreme virtue. On the very last page he writes :

Few things have done more harm to the Christian cause than the tendency to relegate the Synoptic Gospels to a position of comparative unimportance in the Church's regard and to make but a small place in her system of doctrine for the quality of Jesus' personal character, the nature of His personal religion, and the content of His ethical and spiritual teaching.

That is both well and timely in the saying and this volume can be commended with confidence to all who wish to know what manner of man Jesus was, what He did and what He taught.

B. C. PLOWRIGHT.

JUDGE JEFFREYS, by H. Montgomery Hyde. *Butterworth*. 21s.

This re-issue of a book originally published in 1940 and long out of print is extremely welcome, if only because it is the only good modern life of the infamous Judge of the Bloody Assize. Mr. Montgomery Hyde is himself a lawyer and is thus able to give a more balanced account of Jeffreys' career than is usually found in histories which are apt to follow too exactly the lines laid down by Macaulay and his school. The author corrects some of Macaulay's more notorious inventions, stresses Jeffreys' ability as a lawyer, makes allowances for the fact that the judge, who suffered agonies from the stone, was in perpetual pain, which he tried to dull with drink. Yet, when everything is said that can be said, the portrait which emerges is so far from being a 'white-wash' that it actually makes the subject appear worse instead of better.

Macaulay's pathological monster has disappeared and in its place is a human being more despicable than one had thought possible.

Evelyn's judgment on him that "he was reputed to be the most ignorant" occupant of the bench is disproved; but his further remark that he "served the Court interest on all the hardest occasions; is of nature cruel and a slave of the Court" is substantiated to the full. When Jeffreys blamed his master James II for the atrocities of the 'Bloody Assize' and protested that the King would have preferred even more severity, he was certainly telling the truth. (James, indeed, emerges from this book—as he does from any study of the period—as the only man of the time in high office who was a little lower than Jeffreys.) But the Lord Chief Justice had already sold himself willingly into that particular slavery and he had no right to complain of what was expected of him.

What emerges from Mr. Montgomery Hyde's study is the shape of the career as a whole. It is an example, almost perfect in its classical detail, of *hubris*—from the meteoric rise (Jeffreys was Lord Chief Justice at the age of thirty-eight) to the precipitate and utter fall—which leaves the reader with the sense that the gods, at least, were just.

The book is well illustrated with portraits; and to compare Kneller's painting of Jeffreys as Lord Chancellor with the 'Taunton portrait' of the Lord Chief Justice is to know all that one need to know about Jeffreys' spiritual development.

HUGH ROSS WILLIAMSON.

APPLE OF DISCORD, by C. M. Woodhouse. *Hutchinson*. 21s.

The first requirement of a book on modern Greece is that it shall establish the background accurately, so that the reader who is attempting to understand more recent events may see them as a development of pre-war affairs. In this respect *Apple of Discord* is completely

successful. The political world of Venizelos, Metaxas and George II is placed before us convincingly, and its quality pervades the sequel, as it should do.

When Mr. Woodhouse deals with later years, however, the picture is overloaded. As Commander of the Allied Military Mission to the Greek Guerrillas, he was intimately concerned in the events that he describes and his account is much too detailed. In other words, Mr. Woodhouse, against his better judgment, has succumbed to the local contagion—hair-splitting being the special disease of post-Byron Greece.

In his last and most valuable chapter the author admirably recovers his sense of proportion. Throughout the book he has rightly recognized that Greece (though Greeks may protest) is part of the Balkan system; in the final section he considers, with a masterly lucidity, the implications of that inescapable fact. The scene widens, the years expand, and we become aware (if this truth had not already been apparent to us) that Greece to-day is hopelessly out-of-date. The Greece of Tsaldaris and Sophoulis sets itself stubbornly against destiny and sometimes it seems that Great Britain and the U.S.A. (often from sentimental motives, which almost accidentally coincide with these powers' immediate interest) are encouraging the attempt to put the clock back. But the U.S.A. at least desires to have the wider view.

The nineteenth century (says Mr. Woodhouse) redrew the map of Europe on the principles of liberal nationalism, which the peacemakers of 1919 and 1946, with few exceptions, regarded as sacrosanct. Greece was a creation of those principles, though her frontiers have yet to remain firm for any consecutive period of fifty years. It is impossible to study those frontiers, or any other conceivable frontiers of Greece, whether in terms of geography, strategy, ethnography or bare human comfort, with any sense of satisfaction. It is impossible to share the life of the Greek people without a sense of something radically preposterous. . . The fault is that even the limited Statehood which was the goal of Greece's creators, and which their creation had barely begun to

approach even under the guidance of Eleftherios Venizelos and the coercion of Metaxas, was an historically antiquated notion when it was first applied. It assumed the inviolability of Balkan separatism, which has been the curse of the Balkans ever since (pp. 283-4).

Two great powers—the U.S.S.R. and the U.S.A. have no prejudice in favour of Balkan separatism. They merely disagree on the principles which should govern the life of the Balkan bloc.

The important point here is not that a federation of south-east Europe is a good or a bad thing, but that whether we like it or not, it is coming about (p. 285).

GEORGE PENDLE.

THE NETHERLANDS, by Sacheverell Sitwell. *Batsford*. 18s.

The title, on jacket and cover, is ambitious and the qualification which appears on the title page: "a study of some aspects of art, costume and social life" is essential. In the text itself, Mr. Sitwell is disarmingly honest. He does not pretend to have spent long in the country. He admits a heavy disability to others, notably the Italian, De Amicis, and the Frenchman, Havard, both of them visitors to the Netherlands of seventy years ago. His chapter on Dutch gardens is based on a collection of maps and illustrations to be found in the British Museum. The visit to the one-time island, in the IJssel Lake, of Urk, one of the most remarkable survivals of an earlier Holland, was undertaken not by Mr. Sitwell but by his interpreter, Mr. Jock Kay. This is the more surprising since it is survivals, especially of costume and custom that are Mr. Sitwell's almost exclusive interest. His strictures on contemporary achievements in the arts in Holland are only excused by this preoccupation.

Next time he must visit the modern town halls of Hilversum, Enschede and Medemblik as well as the eighteenth century ones at Edam, Sneek and Dokkum. As an admirer of the seventeenth century silversmiths of Utrecht, the Van Vianens, and of the eighteenth century drinking glasses by Wolff, he

should not be unaware of the present-day work of the Brooms in the same city, or of the table ware glass, designed by Copier in Leerdam, which was one of Princess Elizabeth's loveliest wedding presents. But Mr. Sitwell's experience does not, in truth, match the excellence and variety of the photographs, chosen and printed with the usual Batsford polish. His text, moreover, is marked by glaring inconsistencies. On page 15 we read: "Holland in matters of architecture is of a chilly welcome. Her charities are private and not public, and may consist of no more than the light of a passage reflected through an overdoor" and on page 29: "so ubiquitous are the Dutch habits of kindness and hospitality, particularly towards Englishmen, that at sight of a house of this character . . . it becomes a habit to push open the front door—they are always kept ajar—and admire the stucco work along the corridor." The old Calvinists would have said that Mr. Sitwell needed a course in Leyden Logic. In spite of these deficiencies, and of an unwonted pedestrianism of style, the book has some delightful chapters. The introduction, on the Dutch spirit, is full of insight. The Hague, seen through the architectural achievement of that remarkable man, Daniel Marot, who came with William of Orange to England, becomes a new city. And the discovery of Friesland as a treasure house of the past, and not merely as a prosperous agricultural champaign, was long overdue.

KENNETH ADAM.

CHINESE ART AND HISTORY
by Arnold Silcock. *Faber & Faber*
12s. 6d.

There is a pagoda in Kew Gardens. It was erected to the design of Sir William Chambers in the eighteenth century at the time of a fashionable mania for *Chinoiserie*. Sir Banister Fletcher in his *Comparative History of Architecture* describes Chambers's pagoda as "rather lifeless". Arnold Silcock, in rounder terms, calls it "— perhaps the largest and worst of

the many ugly and un-Chinese monuments of this absurd craze." Absurd though the craze may have been and the Kew Gardens pagoda its silliest manifestation, it is nevertheless an indication of an English disposition towards things Chinese. A disposition which, though it may have been too easily beguiled by engaging counterfeits, has remained, since the 'discovery' of Chinese art by Chambers and his contemporaries, constant, affectionate and enthusiastic. Furthermore, many of the most eminent sinologists have been Englishmen, and indeed this book by Arnold Silcock reveals the high level of scholarly research and sensitive appreciation of which English criticism is capable.

"There is a temple in the western hills outside Peking. Over the quiet courtyard three ginkgo trees have spread lizard-grey branches and warmed their blue-green leaves for centuries in the sun." The quotation is from the opening words of the first chapter. The ginkgo tree, "a living fossil from the age of giant saurians, is a significant emblem of a strange immutability, a deathless capacity for survival which appears typically and exclusively to belong to China." Though the origins of Chinese art are lost in the far-distant haze of a great antiquity, it is at least certain that for more than two thousand years works of rare beauty have come from the hands of artists and craftsmen. Archaeologists have unearthed proof that the form and character of these works have altered little from prehistoric times. It is astonishing to reflect that art, in spite of a tenacious adherence to tradition, has been able to maintain, over so great a period, a degree of vitality and original creativeness that has no parallel in any other civilization.

In painting, which is the characteristic Chinese art, an explanation of this undeviating standard of excellence may be found in the Six Canons of Painting, laid down by Hsieh Ho, a portrait painter of the fifth century, and accepted ever since as the only true standards of criticism. His first and, in Chinese

eyes, his most important principle is given as 'rhythmic vitality' which, as Arnold Silcock says was "no doubt meant to suggest the spiritual, living power which informs some paintings and moves us to say they are inspired." The enunciation of such a criterion as a first principle may well have been a safeguard against stale repetition and mere virtuosity. Inevitably, of course, there were periods of decline but never of degeneration and each decline was succeeded by a period of new accomplishment.

The measure of Chinese artistic achievement is laid out in this book against its historical background. The story flows with all the interest and continuity of a landscape roll. It is a marvel of condensation and clarity. There are over forty illustrations, maps on both end-papers and several most useful appendices.

F. W. WENTWORTH-SHEILDS.

LONDON LIVES ON, by R. G. Burnett, with photography by E. W. Tattersall. *Phoenix House*. 25s.

THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT, by Philip Butler. Photographs by Derrick L. Sayer in collaboration with Guy Allan and John Livesey. *Lincoln Praeger*. 9s. 6d.

MR. GAY'S LONDON, by A. P. Herbert. *Ernest Benn*. 9s. 6d.

TEMPLE BAR TAPESTRY, by Simon Dewes. *Rich & Cowan*. 16s.

The first volume records, mainly pictorially, many of London's treasures which have survived the destruction of the last war and can therefore be regarded as complementary to *The Lost Treasures of London* by William Kent. Within the limitations of 200 pages it is an impossible task, and no ingenuity of selection is likely to be completely satisfactory. The book contains a hundred excellent photographs with descriptive text covering the area from Hampton Court to Dockland and from Islington to the south bank of the Thames. The subjects are arranged geographically to assist the rambler and the text is rendered

more valuable to the reader by the provision of bibliographies as a guide to search. It is difficult, however, to understand the inclusion of Bow Street Police court and the Central Hall, Westminster, and the omission of St. Helen, Bishopsgate and, that miracle of survival, the section of London Wall surrounded by acres of destruction. And it is necessary to remind us that the Albert Memorial survives and not draw attention to the *George Inn* or the *Anchor*?

This is a good book but for 25s. one expects more attention to detail. Locks and hatters, the oldest building in St. James's Street is ignored by Mr. Burnett and surely he is aware of the existence of Queen Elizabeth on the wall of St. Dunstan's in the West. This is our last relic of old Ludgate and therefore considerably more important than the dust of Lord Northcliffe, or details of his achievements. Attention is drawn on page 86 to the magnificent view of the Pool of London from London Bridge at the lovely spire of St. Dunstan's in the East, and incidentally Sir Christopher Wren's favourite, escapes mention.

The Houses of Parliament is the first of a new series under the general title of "My London Gallery". With the position of the Palace of Westminster most Londoners are vaguely familiar; for the visitor, however, it vies with Westminster Abbey in interest. To both groups this book has something to say. It sketches briefly the history of the assembly from the thirteenth century and illumines many strange customs that survive. For instance: the traditional reluctance with which the Member chosen by the House to be its Speaker allows himself to be conducted to the chair, the outcome of the conflict of the commons with Charles I and the courageous reply of Speaker Lenthall to the king's demand for the surrender of certain Members:

"May it please your Majesty, I have neither eyes to see or tongue to speak in this place but as this House is pleased to direct me, whose servant I am here."

In this volume both the text and the ally superb photographs combine to

convey the broad sweep of that part of our history which is bound up with the Palace of Westminster.

Browsing to some purpose in the Minorities, Sir Alan Herbert picked up a faded but complete set of the "Proceedings of London Sessions from December 1732 to October 1733 bound up with the Accounts of the Ordinary of Newgate of the Behaviour, Confessions and Dying Words of the Malefactors who were executed at Tyburn." By generous reference to his find the author draws a vivid picture of Mr. Gay's London. It is rich reading. Here the highwayman and pickpocket are brought to justice and combat with Cockney gusto the evidence of the informers against them. Most of those condemned to death were men in their early 'twenties and at least one was comforted on his journey to Tyburn by the shrill injunction of his mistress to "die game". To those who feel that progress in the atomic age is an illusion, this volume should be a useful corrective.

Temple Bar Tapestry is set in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries against the background of that area of London between Aldwych and St. Paul's Cathedral. Sixteen illustrations add to the value of this informative work. In these pages famous and infamous rub shoulders and from the dark alleys and perilous byways the treacherous, human and brutal mob come to life again. For at least one reader the tapestry contains a false strand in the person of an all too knowledgeable American soldier introduced by the author as a 'stooge' to his own erudition. Mr. Dewes needs no such artifice.

HERBERT T. BANYARD.

THE BRITISH ACHIEVEMENT IN INDIA, by H. G. Rawlinson.

Hodge. 15s.

THE SAHIBS, by Hilton Brown.

Hodge. 15s.

It is not possible, twelve months since the end of British rule, to view in perspective the whole range of our achievement in India. If the task were attempted, even a modest historian

would be likely to run into several volumes. Mr. Rawlinson's work is fortunately less ambitious than its title. What he has written is in fact a condensed and straightforward account of the machinery of British power from Queen Elizabeth's issue, in 1600, of a "Privilege for fifteen years to certain adventurers for the trade of the East Indies" down to our somewhat hurried departure on August 15 last year. Indeed of our real achievement he has found space to say but little, and there is no attempt to decide whether in the end we put more in than we took out. Of the building of roads and bridges, railways and telegraphs, dams and irrigation schemes, of the great rise in population and the vast increase in real wealth which are still the tangible results of our rule, Mr. Rawlinson is able to give only cursory acknowledgment, not for any lack of pride or appreciation but because his subject is not so much what we did as how we did it.

Of how the British in India came to trade and stayed to rule, and of the brilliance of Clive and Hastings, Mr. Rawlinson has added little to what has already been written many times. But from Canning onwards his account of the work of successive Governor Generals and Viceroys is balanced and incisive. It is an interesting example of the shift of historical perspective that already Curzon is the name that stands out. "Curzon," he writes, "was incomparably the greatest of the Indian Governor-Generals and Viceroys." And his merits far outweighed his shortcomings. "There was no branch of the administration on which he did not leave his mark. India under his rule enjoyed a peace, prosperity and greatness which she has never experienced before or since in all her long history. It was the climax of British rule."

Of Curzon's clash with Kitchener over the control of the Indian army, Mr. Rawlinson gives an account which perhaps says too little of Kitchener's own case. When Curzon, unable to carry his point, resigned in 1905, he made a

farewell speech to the Byculla Club which Mr. Rawlinson quotes and which will become of increasing interest to students of Indian affairs during the next few years.

"I earnestly hope", he said, "that the Viceroy of India may never cease to be the head of the Government of India in the fullest sense of the word. It is not one man rule, which may or may not be a good thing—that depends on the man. But it is one man supervision, which is the best form of government, presuming the man is competent. The alternative in India is a bureaucracy, which is the most mechanized and lifeless of all forms of administration."

Of our final departure and of the carnage which has accompanied it, Mr. Rawlinson provides a straightforward and objective narrative. It stands out from these pages, though the author does not say so, that our weakness was never lack of military power. For the past hundred years our weakness in India has been a failure to realize the forces of propaganda which were rising against us, and a failure to grasp the means, always ready to hand, by which such forces may be withstood.

Mr. Hilton Brown's book provides a charming and entertaining background to the study of the British in India. He himself has written little. Almost all these wicked little comments on the private lives of the sahibs and their ladies are drawn from diaries and letters and come from the sahibs' own pens. Indian servants appear frequently. Perhaps the best comment on them is drawn from the "Letters from Madras" of 1836.

Every horse has a man and a maid to himself—the maid cuts the grass for him; and every dog has a boy. I inquired whether the cat had any servants, but I found that she was allowed to wait upon herself; and, as she seemed the only person in the establishment capable of so doing, I respected her accordingly.

Mr. Hilton Brown's intention has been to entertain; and he has succeeded so well that he has achieved that great rarity, an anthology which can be read through or dipped into with equal pleasure.

GORDON WINTER.

SEVEN ASSIGNMENTS, by Dudley Clarke. *Jonathan Cape*. 12s. 6d.

It will be a pity if the word adventure ever becomes the monopoly of history and fiction. It was the spirit of adventure which built the British Commonwealth and Empire and which led men to respect the name of Britain in the five continents and on the seven seas. If this spirit should seem now to be on the wane, that is due, surely, not to any change in the hereditary character of Englishmen but to restrictions on enterprise and resourcefulness imposed by their modern environment. For when the restrictions are lifted, then, by a miracle, often at the eleventh hour, to the front of the stage come the men of adventure.

One such man is Brigadier Dudley Clarke, for whom the recent war brought an opportunity to display unorthodox and unusual qualities not required from an officer in time of peace. He was content to follow cheerfully wherever fortune beckoned him and the more adventurous the path he trod the more it pleased him. This spirit he succeeds in conveying to his readers by the fluency of his prose in a book which is packed with incident. Within less than three hundred pages he describes the seven assignments which he was called upon to fulfil in the first twelve months of the war, assignments varying in duration from six hours to six months and ranging over a wide area between Aandalsnes in the north and Mombasa in the south. None of the assignments covered by this book is a military command. The author is never charged with direct responsibility for the lives of other soldiers, he is never in close personal relationship with the troops in the line. His rôle is best described in his own words, as that of "a roving staff officer."

For military interest the two assignments to Norway in April 1940 take first place. If anyone is in doubt about what is meant by lack of air support, let him read these chapters. Let him see how all road movement is interrupted by air attack throughout the hours of

daylight; let him realize that the insignificant target of two men on a motor-cycle could be strafed eight times in the space of twenty-five miles. For drama, I would choose the assignment to the staff of the C.I.G.S. during the worst days of 1940. Here is an unrivalled first-hand impression of the characters and the human qualities of the military and political leaders who at short notice planned and executed the evacuation from Dunkirk. For historic interest, I would choose the story of the birth of the Commandos, with its thrilling description of their first raid on the coast of northern France.

The cement which binds together all seven assignments is the small flat in Stratton Street to which the author returns after each adventure. Moreover the epic is made more complete in form by the revelation that the next assignment was to lead once more to Cairo, whence the first had started. I can guarantee that all who read *Seven Assignments* will look forward to the time when security restrictions allow Brigadier Clarke to embark on the story of the eighth.

NIGEL BRUCE.

THE ENGLISH GAME, a Cricket Anthology, compiled by Gerald Brodribb. *Hollis and Carter*. 10s. 6d.

Twenty anthologies could be published about cricket in one year and still enthusiasts would buy them and cherish them. The literature of cricket is rich. It has attracted the pens of men of letters and inspired the shorthand of reporters. Mr. Brodribb knows what it is to write about it and to his anthology he brings the care in selection that love demands when making a choice. His object, well achieved, is to show the many sidedness of the game's attraction: the lure of it, the fun of it, the great at Lord's, the little elsewhere. What part the reader will like best will depend upon himself and not on Mr. Brodribb. Mr. Brodribb has done his job in every section.

J.A.

BOOKS ON THE TABLE

Poetry apart, of all the manifestations of Eng. Lit. the essay form most endears by its power to suffuse the intellectual response with emotion. The phenomenon is exemplifiable in the collections of three very different authors who, by their appeal to both heart and mind, here find a bond of agreement.

A shoal of sociology

There is George Woodcock who in *THE WRITER AND POLITICS* (*Porcupine Press*. 10s. 6d.)—embracing “a social approach to literature and thought, an approach which takes into account the society where writers work and live”—casts a wide net. It catches some queer fish along with the whales and the sprats. Choice may be made from John G. Paton, the English hymn, Sorel, Proudhon, Herzen, Kropotkin, Kafka, George Orwell, Graham Greene, Ignazio Silone, Arthur Koestler, Rex Warner and the Henry Bates who visited the Amazonians in 1848, and all the studies are warmed and brightened by the kind of prejudice which is allowable, and indeed necessary, in the successful essay.—Then there is G. M. Young who in *TODAY AND YESTERDAY* (*Rupert Hart-Davies*. 8s. 6d.) enticingly displays his ability “to think Victorian”. He finds himself uneasy, as well he might, in an era when, for instance :

What the schools have failed to teach is that a man has no more right to an opinion for which he cannot account than to a pint of beer for which he cannot pay,

and lets his fancy play about a dream university whose aim would be “to make the gift of life more valuable, yes, but also to make the men more worthy of the gift.” It is not surprising that his essays on the nineteenth century and its great ones, on George IV, on the *Odyssey*, on Virgil and on Herodotus are the fruit of a liberal mind or that such miscellanea as “The Imp” and “Place-name Studies” should be as delightful as they are learned.

Landmarks

And then there is John Middleton Murry, who needs a paragraph to himself. With the close of *LOOKING BEFORE AND AFTER* (*Sheppard Press*. 12s. 6d.) it is his reader who pines “for what is not”: the Mr. Murry of the nineteen twenties and early 'thirties who was not yet so politically conscious as to impair his wonderful qualities as a critic of literature and life. Because these essays were written during the last ten years, his receding form may still be seen in “Blake and Keats”, “Meditation on Heine”, “H. G. Wells”, “Richard Hillary”, the piece on Max Plowman and the one on F. V. Branford which is deliciously pertinent to T. S. Eliotry too. They mark the path to Mr. Murry's vanishing point in *The Free Society*, and the book is thus so much better than its up to the minute preface which explains carefully but unconvincingly why he forsook pacifism.

Proxy journey

A book so much better than its title is Vernon Bartlett's *GO EAST, OLD MAN* (*Latimer House*. 9s. 6d.). Not intended for politicians, nor experts, nor as a guide-book, as one would expect from so practised a journalist it yet gives the armchair traveller a pretty clear picture of world trends and events as seen from Africa and Asia. And his lively personal impressions and experiences, whether of a disappearing fountain pen in Hong Kong, of the “revolting woman” on shipboard who asked to be put in the book, of frustration in Formosa, of the Roman game in Peking, or of fishing formalities in Durban, make a useful contribution to the ever engrossing study of how the other fellow lives and thinks and feels.

Transcendent man

How a metaphysician-novelist thought and felt is discussed in *DOSTEOVSKY* by L. A. Zander (*Student Christian Move-*

rent Press. 10s.). The Professor of philosophy at the Russian Theological Institute in Paris takes Dostoevsky's preoccupation with the goodness which comes from God for his theme, drawing on Constance Garnett's translations of the works for quotation pointers. The book may best be described as a guide to the attention of the novels; not easy to read, in spite of the apparently smooth translation of Natalie Duddington, it needs for company either the stories themselves or a working knowledge of them, and therefore both beginners and advanced students of Dostoevsky should find it valuable.

Dominion over palm and pine

Few people could give a synopsis of any of the novels of another nineteenth century figure, now rescued by Alice Acland in *CAROLINE NORTON (Constable. 6s.)* from notoriety. It is not surprising that the grand-daughter of Sheridan and Elizabeth Linley should have literary talent, a keen wit and great beauty, nor that she should be at the mercy of her own tormented temperament. But that such a spectacular pamphleteer and agitator, so much the butt of the scandal-mongers, should in Victorian England have been able to influence the passing of the Custody of Infants Bill and the Bill of 1857 to improve Marriage and Divorce Laws which gave women for the first time a tentative legal status, argues the possession of a remarkable personality. Miss Acland surveys its complexities calmly and is fair in praise or blame. Aided by excellent type, paper and binding, some discriminating illustrations and a sensible index and bibliography, her straightforward recounting of facts and the simplicity of her language have made a memorable book.—Also a rescue, this time from an eclipse that "is as natural as it is temporary," is Rupert Croft-Cooke's *UDYARD KIPLING (Home & Van Thal. 6s.)*. Those who regard the Kipling outlook as imperialistic and dislike it and him, should not be deterred from reading this assessment of a writer who,

as the author aptly puts it, "was as seasoned as sun-bleached walnut." They will be sent back to the stories, either actually or in memory, as Mr. Croft-Cooke demonstrates the craft and care that went to their creation—the reward his championship would covet most.

Gorgio saga

Another enthusiasm of Rupert Croft-Cooke's, as FORTNIGHTLY readers know, is for gypsies. "Life with the Romanies," the sub-title of *THE MOON IN MY POCKET (Sampson Low. 10s. 6d.)*, indicates the strength of his love and admiration for those mysterious people. "I lived with them because I liked it," he says, and the knowledge thus gained has helped him to produce a book which fells the more popular misconceptions, discusses the place of Borrow and others in gypsy interpretation, speculates warily about the origin of the Romani and has much to tell of their folk-lore and handicrafts. He adds an impressive list of words in common use among the southern English gypsies and a group of his own photographs of country scenes around the caravans.

Rural habit

As Godfrey Johnson says:

The road runs lonely . . .

In *THE NINTH WAVE (Harrap. 6s.)* this tireless practitioner of poetry records his expanding and developing technique. His sonnet, "Women Poets", shows a sound critical faculty, and the body of this collection states a "sufficient philosophy". But it is in his nature observation that he seems to be taking the longest strides:

The pine flings back his mane of thunder
or of butterflies:

They fleck the sheer white wall and flirt with
gables.

—GOD MADE THE COUNTRY is a modest cloak for the erudition of Edward Townsend Booth's reflective book (*Cassell. 12s. 6d.*). From the aboriginal farmer Hesiod, the Sabine farm of Horace, Madame de Sevigné as a

countrywoman (when most of us know her only in Paris as the dear letter-writing ghost of the Musée Carnavalet), to the Wordsworths at Dove Cottage and the Hawthornes of Concord, and many others on the way, he depicts character in relation to its rural setting. This is a book to dip into, to dream over, to slake the thirst of townsmen.—The countryman, of course, has no time to dream and *CRAFTS OF THE COUNTRYSIDE* by E. J. Stowe (*Longmans Green*. 10s. 6d.) helps to explain why. There are chapters on hurdle and basket making, shoeing and blacksmithing, hedging, dry stonewalling, ploughing, threshing, thatching, pond construction and other activities, all of which have developed the skill of generations. The author sadly concludes: "Each (machine) invention has made the tasks easier but it has also lessened the need for careful skilled work." But there is a note of hope in his assertion that a new interest in the traditional trades is growing among young people. For the first time many of these must know what it means to feel pride in doing a job. The copious illustrations bridge the gulf successfully for those who lack the countryman's instinctive handling of his tools.

Conversation pieces

Would that the illustrations of *THE PICTURE OF DORIAN GRAY* (*Castle Press*. 12s. 6d.) had not so successfully bridged the gulf for those who are presumed to be ignorant of the identity of Oscar Wilde's 'hero'! The publisher's note says that "Wilde is often considered to have depicted himself." And what man but writes a novel who does not include something of himself? And why in this one should Wilde have put more of himself than, say, of Alfred Douglas? And, in fact, is not Wilde's

character much more like Lord Henry Wotton's? But Michael Ayrton swallowed the bait and has drawn Wilde progressively more repulsive as the portrait takes on Dorian Gray's depravities. From an illustrator with the agile mind and technical ingenuities of Mr. Ayrton the proceeding is altogether too banal. To add to the puzzle he has a drawing of a man with a palette, which supposedly stands for the Basil Hallward described by Wotton as having a rugged strong face and coal black hair. Yet the artist's profile is the unmistakable one of Aubrey Beardsley. It should be added that when they are not portraits the drawings, of the various hands for example, are extraordinarily vivid, instinct as it were with horror.—The horror that Gerald Bullett has put into the second of his novels included in one book, *MEN AT HIGH TABLE AND THE HOUSE OF STRANGERS* (*J. M. Dent*. 9s.) seems a little contrived. Instead of mounting it dwindles, because the unravelment of the circumstances of Sorrel's death has been artificially prolonged. Nevertheless, the reader is able, with Mary, to get inside the Taverner house and mentality, to hear real people talking and to share their thoughts. The other story is contrived too, but so cleverly that the pattern of conversation and the thoughts behind the talkers' words during dinner in a college at Cambridge, is "woven fine", has no broken threads and worthily frames "the smile, impenetrable as a mask" of the guest, Wong Chi.

A Cockney smile

At the incessant hammering in the next room? Yes, when it means more shelves for books on the table.

GRACE BANYARD.